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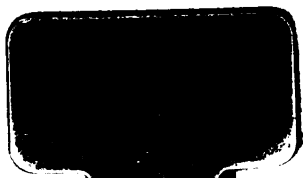
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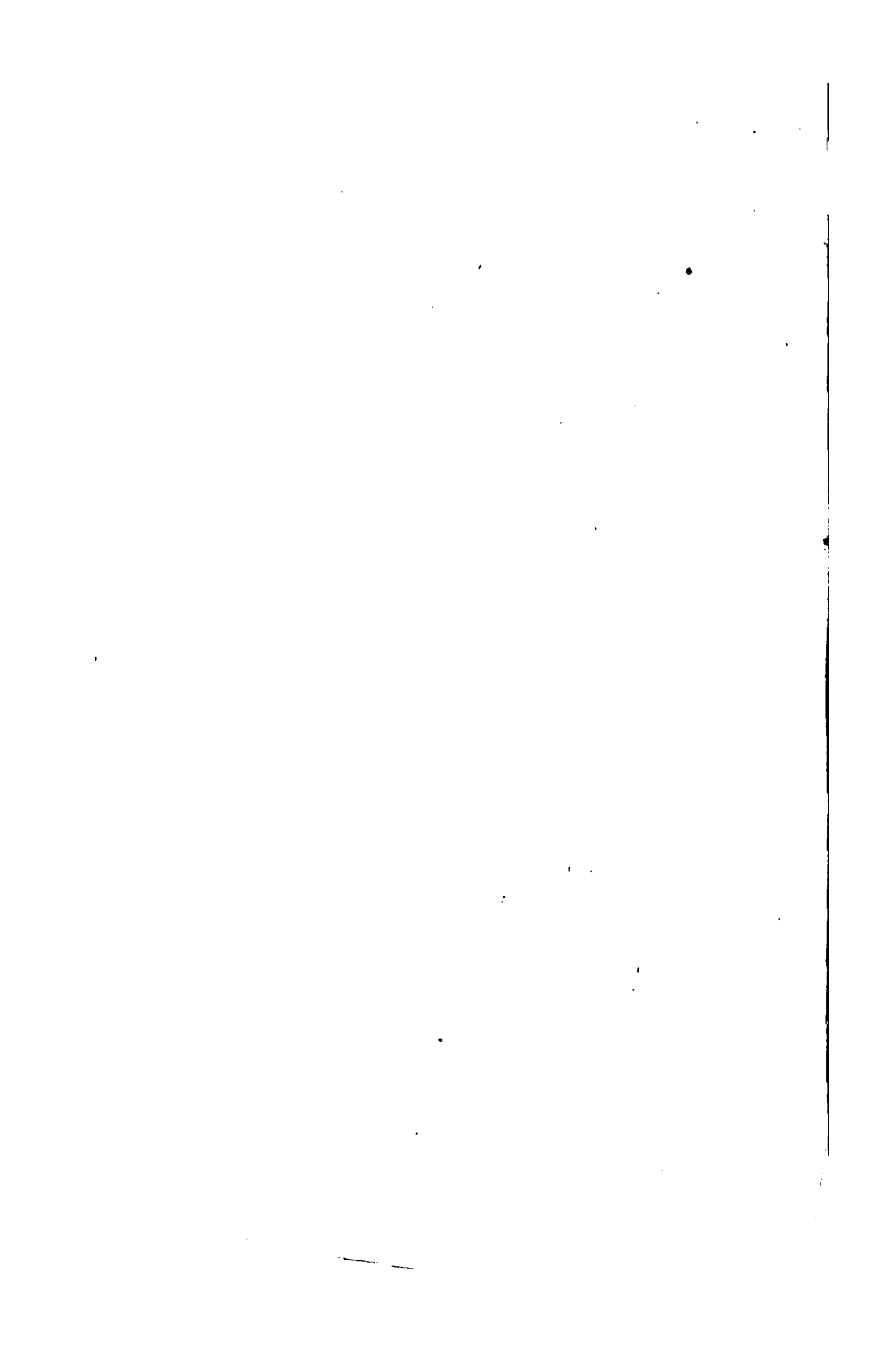




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EIGHT ESSAYS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

LONDON :
GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, PRINTERS,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.



Nic debet stare lulhardus ⁊ dicere versus sequentes:

Lulhardi lollant ut nummos undiqꝫ tollant.

h Ut regnari volucres sic lolhart fallit mulieres



EIGHT ESSAYS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY THE REV.

S. R. MAITLAND, D.D. F.R.S. & F.S.A.



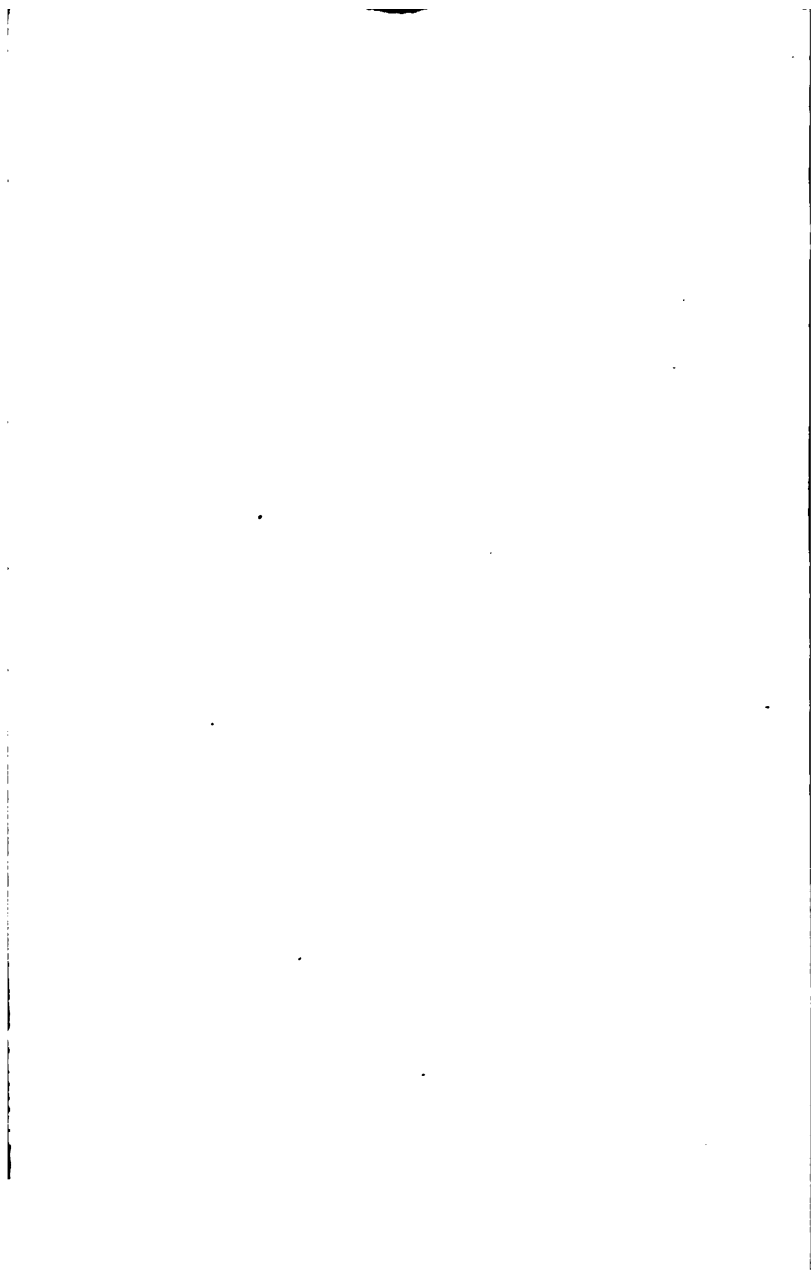
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PREFACE.

A GREAT part of the matter contained in this little volume has been, in substance, and at different times, printed in some other form. There is, indeed, but one Essay (the fourth) which may not, in some sense, be called a reprint; though the others have been subjected to alterations and additions. It may be proper to add that the first part of the first Essay was originally published, in the year 1841, as a pamphlet, under the title of "A Letter to a Friend on the Tract for the Times, No. 89." The second part, though written very shortly after the first had been published, was not printed until it appeared in the British Maga-

zine for May, 1845. The great, and, as it seems to me, increasing importance of the subject induces me to bring together, and re-publish, the two parts, of which the first has long been out of print. Both parts having been originally written as Letters, retain traces of their original form, which it did not seem worth while to alter.

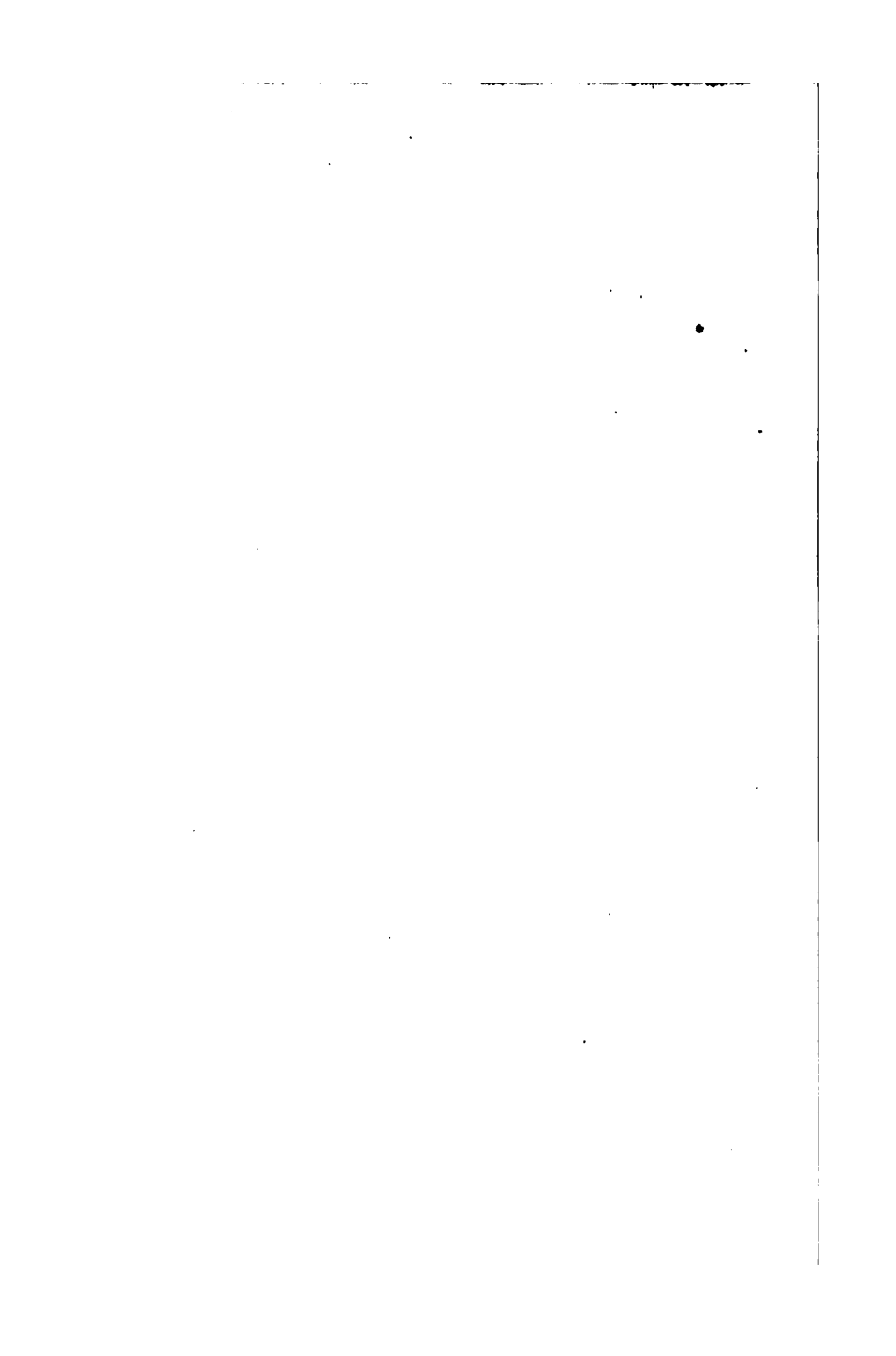
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ESSAY I.

ON THE MYSTICAL INTERPRETATION OF SCRIPTURE.

PART I.

PERHAPS, like the rest of the world, you are so engrossed by No. 90, that you have paid little or no attention to No. 89. I do not know how long it has been published, but I presume it must have preceded the other, though it is only within a few days that it has fallen into my hands; and, not having seen it noticed in any quarter, I cannot but fear that what seems to me a very injurious publication, may be quietly stealing into circulation, while everybody is looking another way. If, however, you have seen it, you may very naturally expect me to tell you whether it has led me to recant opinions which have so often formed the subject

of our conversation; and having maintained those opinions so long, and so openly, before the Oxford Tracts were in existence, I have little fear of being suspected of personal hostility to the author of the Tract, or of thrusting myself hastily into controversy, if I address you through the press, rather than by any more private method.

I am sorry that he has joined together, in one class, all those who have any fault to find with what has been, he tells us, impugned under the name of "ancient mysticism;" and still more sorry that he should view them all as "assailants of primitive antiquity," and persons disposed to rationalize. As far as my own observation enables me to judge, he has no right to assume that all those who object to any one of the three "heads of ancient mysticism," which he specifies, object to them all, and are to be held up as persons led by "the Evil Spirit to decry the relics of Christian antiquity." Greater knowledge of men would, I conceive, have taught him to distinguish, and would have saved him from injustice, of which, I believe, he would not be advisedly guilty. He says :

"(5.) What now are the particulars of the Fathers' im-

puted Mysticism ! *i. e.* in what respects would they be commonly charged with an undue anxiety to make out supernatural meanings and interferences ! The following heads would seem to comprehend the greater part of their supposed delinquencies in this kind :—

“ 1. Their interpretations of Scripture are said to be far-fetched and extravagant ; extracting figurative, theological allusions out of the most irrelevant or insignificant details of language or history.

“ 2. Correspondent to this is their mode of treating natural objects, and the truths of philosophy and common life ; fancying everywhere indications of that system, on which their own hearts were set.

“ 3. They were mystics in their notions of providential interference, whether in the way of judgment, deliverance, or warning. To which head may be referred whatever they state of the exercise of the gift of prophecy in their times ; as also their accounts of reputed miracles, and of the sensible agency of evil spirits, and of their own and others' warfare with them.

“ 4. Finally, they are blamed for Mysticism, properly so called, in their moral and devotional rules ; *i. e.* for dwelling too much on counsels of perfection, tending (as is affirmed) to contemplation rather than action, to monastic rather than social and practical virtue.

“ These are the sort of imputations on which the changes have been rung, for the two last centuries, by those who have wished to evade the testimony of the Fathers, without setting them down distinctly as deliberate impostors.” p. 6.

I can imagine that, in the course of two centuries, some of all the persons who for one reason or other have “ wished to evade the testi-

mony of the Fathers," may, at one time or another, have charged them with all this, and a great deal more; but if there be any who unite all these evil thoughts of the early Fathers, I need not tell you that I am not one of them, and have no apology to offer for them. For instance, and to take the distinction which meets us at the outset, I see no connexion between the practice of the Fathers in making allegorical interpretations, and their belief in supernatural interferences; and I do not understand how the author of the Tract can do it, unless he considers their allegorical interpretations as the fruit of divine inspiration—an opinion which may, perhaps, be hinted in the otherwise obscure phrase, "supernatural meanings," but which I would not charge upon him without further and plainer evidence. To my own mind there does not appear to be any connexion between the puerile, and often groundless, conceits which they offered as *interpretations*, and the belief which they entertained respecting supernatural interferences. At all events it is to the former of these points, without in any way mixing it with the latter, that I desire at present to call your attention.

Let me also premise that in what I am about

to say, I am not laying hold of the words, or supposed principles of the author of the Tract, and applying them to some extreme case, picked out by myself; but only taking what he has himself selected, and placed in the forefront of his work. Indeed I believe that you will not find in this letter a single allusion to anything in the Tract which is not contained within its first two and twenty pages.

After some pages of preparatory matter, the author says, "under such impressions, we may safely approach the first head, of Mysticism imputed to the Fathers, *viz.* their mode of interpreting Holy Scripture;" and his second section is thus headed:

"§ ii. *Specimen of Ancient Mysticism in interpreting Scripture.*"

And after stating the matter of fact, that the early Christian writers did use an allegorical way of interpreting Scripture, he proceeds:

"(2.) Let it then be taken for granted, that a mode of expounding, which would seem to most men fanciful and strained, generally prevails in the Christian writers of the first centuries. The great point will be, to account in some measure for this fact. In order to which it may be expedient, not by way of proof but of illustration, if we take some one remarkable instance, and trace it as we may through the

writings of some of the most eminent and earliest Fathers. And, not to give them any undue advantage, it may be well to select one of those subjects, their treatment of which is commonly considered most extravagant ; a subject, which has attracted towards them in no common degree the contemptuous wonder of modern critics and philosophers : I mean, their discovering the tokens of our Lord's Passion, and more especially the Sign of the Cross, in innumerable places of the Old Testament, which neither are so expounded in the New, nor to common eyes betray of themselves any such allusion." p. 15.

Then having selected as a specimen the epistle which is ascribed to St. Barnabas, and made some remarks on its date and character, and its fitness to be selected for such a purpose, he adds :

"(4.) As concerning the Passion and Cross of our Lord in particular, (to say nothing of the sacrifice of Isaac, the typical nature whereof, as it seems, no age of Christians has ever denied, notwithstanding the silence of Scripture,) St. Barnabas has the following passage¹: Israel being attacked by the aliens, with a view, amongst other things, of signifying to the people that their transgressions were the cause of their being given over to death, the SPIRIT speaks inwardly to Moses, *to form a type of the Cross*, and of Him who was to suffer : that if men refuse to trust in Him, they will have no peace for ever. Moses therefore *places one shield on another* in the middle of the mound ; and being thus posted high above all, he stretches out his hands, and so Israel began

¹ C. xii.

again to be victorious : afterwards, when on the contrary he let down his hands, again they were slaughtered. Wherefore ! That men might know there is no chance of salvation, except they put their trust in Him. And in another Prophet he says, ' All the day long I have stretched forth my hands to a disobedient and gainsaying people.' " p. 17.

On this I may briefly remark that here we have—perhaps in rather a small way, but yet worthy of notice for the sake of illustration—one of those injurious effects which I have long observed to flow from this allegorical mode of interpretation. It leads men to tamper with the Word of God ; and either by addition, suppression, or some tortuous proceeding or other, to make it agree with their imagination. " People little know what they do," says the author of the Tract, " when they deal contemptuously with anything, be it in Scripture or in common life, under the notion that it is too slight or insignificant for the ordering of the Most High." To this I heartily subscribe. Let me add my belief that the Scripture narratives were so given by inspiration, that " people little know what they do " when they add to them circumstances which may appear minute and trivial. It may perhaps be said that St. Barnabas (allow me so to speak for the sake of brevity, without prejudice to the question

whether the Apostle was really the author of the Epistle) knew by inspiration, or had learned by tradition, or had imagined in the lawful use of his poetical gift, those things to which I have invited attention by *italics*—that he knew that Moses was inspired “to form a type of the Cross,” and that he actually placed “one shield on another,” though nothing of the kind is intimated in the book of Exodus. Well and good; if it is a new revelation, let him tell us so; if it is tradition, let him give it as such; if it is poetry, let there be some mark by which people may be put on their guard, for it looks like a mere statement of fact. But observe, I entreat you, that it is not brought before us under any such character; we are not talking about revelations, or traditions, or poetry, but of the *interpretation of Scripture*—and this matter about the Cross and the Shields, whatever it may be, gently slides in to take its place as Scripture, and to be interpreted with the rest. It is however, as I have said, a minor instance, and it is not worth while to dwell upon it.

The author of the Tract proceeds :

“What is very observable, the Author next goes on to mention, with just the same tone of confidence, and no more,

the typical meaning of the Brasen Serpent ; observing, with his usual piety, "Thou hast in this also the glory of Jesus ; that in Him, and to Him, are all things."

It *does* seem "very observable" that St. Barnabas should express no more confidence in this interpretation than in the other. Can it be accounted for, except by supposing him to have seen (what appears obvious enough) that our Lord's words gave no authority for his mode of interpreting? Would he have disdained the sanction of our Lord, if he had thought that it was given? Perhaps he did not consider our Lord's illustration and his own interpretation as quite the same thing, though the author of the Tract appears to do so, for he goes on to say :

"Had it seemed good to God's providence, that the discourse of our Lord to Nicodemus should have been lost, as so many other of His divine words were, would not the Christian interpretation of this latter miracle have seemed to many forced and fanciful, just as that of the former may perhaps seem now? And ought not this single consideration to stop the mouths of all, who have any reverence in their hearts, when they find themselves tempted to join in hasty censure or scorn of such interpretations? For aught they know, they may be scorning or censuring the very lessons of our Divine Master Himself."

I should like to know more particularly whe-

ther the author really means to say, that if the words, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have eternal life," had been uttered by any uninspired person who knew the fact that our Lord should really be lifted up to save the suffering race of man, they could have seemed forced or fanciful? May I add that it is, so far as I have seen, very much the habit of the writers of the Tracts to inculcate profound reverence for all that is sacred, and to profess themselves deeply hurt and grieved even by such slight departures from it as persons not intentionally irreverent are liable to be guilty of; and may I suggest that a judgment on this point ought to be much influenced by the consideration of habit, education, natural disposition, or something else which certainly does produce among men who fear God and desire to please Him, and to treat with reverence everything belonging to his word and service, a great diversity of notion and feeling. I am sure that it was not so felt by the author of the Tract; but to myself the suggestion that men ought to listen to "such interpretations" as those of St. Barnabas, under the impression

that "for aught they know," the interpretations were made by our Lord himself, appears highly irreverent and indecent. I am not claiming a right to join in "hasty censure or scorn;" but I suppose that a body of members of the University of Oxford would scarcely think it necessary to write to the clergy¹, to tell them that "hasty censure" and "scorn" are things which they should not indulge in, whatever the subject matter may be. I presume that something more than this is meant, though I do not pretend to say what.

To proceed, however, to another instance of what is called "Interpretation of Scripture," which is much more to the purpose, and much more important:—

"(12.) I proceed to another historical type, which to many may appear more extravagant. The Author is reasoning on the history of Abraham, to prove the insufficiency of Jewish circumcision out of the Old Testament itself. So far, as will occur to every one, he is treading in the steps of St. Paul. After producing many passages to that purpose, he closes the subject with the following²: 'Consider whether there be not abundant instruction on this whole matter, in the account given us, that Abraham, who first gave men circumcision, did thereby perform a spiritual and typical action, looking

¹ The Tract is headed "(Ad Clerum)."

² Ep. S. Barnab. c. ix.

forward to the SON : and that, upon receiving certain doctrines conveyed in three (mystical) letters. For He saith, Abraham circumcised of his house men to the number of three hundred and eighteen. What then is the mysterious truth thus vouchsafed to him ? Observe the eighteen first, then the three hundred. Of the two letters which stand for 18, 10 is represented by I, 8 by H. Thou hast here the word JESUS : ' i. e., the two first letters, which formed as it were a cypher of the sacred Name, familiar to the eyes and thoughts of the Christians of that generation : as was also the third of the numeral letters in question, which the writer next goes on to explain : ' Because the Cross, which is signified to the eye by the letter Tau, was intended to bring the grace, [to which he looked forward ;] he adds the three hundred also,' the letter Tau representing that number. ' By the two first letters then the name JESUS is indicated, and by the third the Cross.' "

If in any thing that I have hitherto said, you have thought me hypercritical, yet I think you will agree with me, that here is something at which all persons who have any respect for truth as truth, and any jealousy for the true interpretation of the written word of God, ought to make a stand and a protest. " For He saith, Abraham circumcised of his house men to the number of three hundred and eighteen." Who saith ? The author of the Tract leaves us in no doubt of what he means, by printing the pronoun with a capital, and yet he knows that the word of God says no such thing.

The simple fact, (known to the author of the Tract,) is, that when Abraham pursued Chedor-laomer, "he armed his trained servants, *born in his own house*, three hundred and eighteen¹." When, more than thirteen (according to the common chronology, fifteen) years after, he circumcised "all the men of his house, *born in the house*, and *bought with money* of the stranger²;" and, in fact, every male who was as much as eight days old, we are not told what the number amounted to. Shall we suppose (just for the sake of the interpretation) that Abraham's family had so dwindled in this interval, as that now all the males of his household, trained men, slaves, and children, equalled only and exactly the number of his warriors fifteen years before? Or, are we to suppose that the writer of the Epistle of St. Barnabas confused the two passages, and imagined that the number mentioned in the one, had been mentioned in the other? It is easy and, I may sincerely add, very agreeable to my own feelings, thus to acquit the writer of the Epistle of anything bearing even the appearance of fraud in what lies at the root of his interpretation; for it must

¹ Gen. xiv. 14.

² Ibid. xvii. 23. 27.

be remembered that his conceit rests entirely on the *union* of the *number* 318 with the act of *circumcision*; while in fact there is no hint of any such union in the Scriptures.

Our business at present, however, is chiefly with the modern apologist, who seems to be very far from imagining that there has been (perhaps I ought to say that there could be) any mistake in the case, or anything which should make us hesitate to receive this "genuine exposition," as one "not private, but ecclesiastical;" as a mystery, for the reality of which the writer might, with "no fanaticism, but with a great deal of sober piety and charity," appeal to Him " 'from whom we' Christians or Christian teachers, 'derive the ingrafted gift of that teaching which is properly his ¹.'" Let me ask your attention to what he says of it:

"On this commentary, which as well as the former has been adopted by multitudes of the early interpreters ², several remarks occur, which it may be well to put down, as they will each of them apply to a whole class of examples, and to difficulties which are certain to arise in many of our minds,

¹ P. 22.

² For example, St. Clem. Alex. Strom. vi. 84; S. Ambr. de Fide, i. init. and § 121; S. Aug. Quæst. in Jud. 37; S. Hil. de Synod. 86.

though we were never so resolutely on our guard against prejudices of mere taste and association.

"(13.) First, it may be observed that the several circumstances, which may appear at first sight startling in this exposition, though not perhaps united in any one Scriptural example, have yet, each severally, undoubted sanction of Scripture. Thus, the use of the numeral letters as a cypher, to convey some mysterious truth, has a well-known precedent in the Book of Revelation." p. 18.

Surely you cannot but see in this an instance of what we have so often observed, as one of the worst effects of this allegorizing system. Those who habitually employ their minds in the study and generation of what is imaginary and fanciful, are but too likely to lose sight of the real nature and just value of truth; and when they come to anything like argument, they betray the oddest notions imaginable. Precedent does for proof, and anything does for precedent. If they cannot find just what they want, it is quite, or seems to be quite, enough for them that there is something like it somewhere. It is stated in a confessedly enigmatic prophecy, that a person shall be distinguished by the fact, that the number of his name shall be 666. I know not what theory the writer of the Tract holds on this obscure subject, but I can no more imagine that this is

using "the numeral letters as a cypher," than I can believe that if they were indisputably so used in that prophecy of the Apocalypse, it would give "undoubted Scripture sanction" to our finding out a great mystery in the number of Abraham's armed men, occurring in what seems to be a simple narrative of facts. But the author proceeds :—

"Again, the passage in St. Barnabas is an instance of the combination of texts apparently remote, but really bearing on the same subject : for the number, three hundred and eighteen, is not mentioned in the account of the circumcision of Abraham's family, but is borrowed from the previous enumeration occasioned by the war with Chedorlaomer¹. Now, this sort of combination of remote texts appears to be warranted in one instance at least, by our blessed LORD Himself. 'Is it not written, My house shall be called of all nations the house of prayer?' So far is taken from Isaiah, but the conclusion of the sentence, 'Ye have made it a den of thieves,' was addressed by Jeremiah to a subsequent generation².

"Now whether the fact were really so or not, (if it were, it was surely by special providence,) that Abraham's household at the time of circumcision was exactly the same number as before : still the argument of St. Barnabas will stand. As thus : circumcision had from the beginning a reference to our SAVIOUR, as in other respects, so in this ; that the mystical number, which is the cypher of JESUS crucified, was the number of the first circumcised household, in the strength

¹ Compare Gen. xvii. 27 ; xiv. 14.

² See Isa. lvi. 7 ; Jer. vii. 11.

of which Abraham prevailed against the powers of the world. So St. Clement of Alexandria¹, as cited by Fell²: 'It is commonly supposed that we have here an indication of a correspondency between the case of Abraham's household and the method of salvation: of the victory obtained by those who have betaken themselves to the Holy Sign and Name, over those who led them captive, and the innumerable tribes of unbelievers, who follow in their train.'"

Now what are we to say to this? Can we say less than that "the passage in St. Barnabas," is *not* a "combination of texts apparently remote, but really bearing on the same subject." *They do not bear on the same subject.* The one has no more to do with Chedorlaomer, than the other has to do with Circumcision. The one text is pregnant with contradiction of the interpretation which is attempted of the other; and the only "combination," is the picking a number out of one, and inserting it in the other. And "THIS SORT *of combination* of remote texts" appears to be warranted "by our blessed Lord Himself;" because He quoted a passage from the prophecy of Isaiah, and added to it a declaration, in language which was probably suggested by the prophecy of Jeremiah.

And it matters not to the argument, "whether the fact were *really* so or not."

¹ Strom. vi. 11.

² In loc. S. Barn.

And this is the mode of interpretation which the author of the Tract would teach us. If it be the true one, may God enable us to receive it with humility and gratitude—if not, may we steadily banish and drive it away.

PART II.

THERE is no doubt that I might have said a great deal more in my former letter; those who agree, and those who disagree with me, will probably concur in wishing that I had done so—but beside what I might truly say, of a great press of occupation, and of my wish to avoid prolixity, I may add, that my object was not so much to argue out a subject, as to call attention to a fact. Not so much to point out how and why the cultivation of a particular style of interpreting (if we must so abuse the word) is injurious, as to show to what an extraordinary extent, and by what arguments, it is defended by the writers of the Tracts for the Times. It is no new invention. It has always had those who have more or less admired and adopted it, though I do not know that I have ever seen any writers who have gone so far, or avowed such dangerous principles, in its defence; and

I cannot help thinking, that those who really consider the Bible as the word of Truth, and as addressed by infinite Wisdom—not, I grant, to the captious and curious, the wise of this world and the disputer, but still—to the understanding of men humbly and reverently trying to understand it, will feel, that so to use the Scriptures is unlawful, and a sin against Him by whom they are given for our instruction.

Let us, however, return to the consideration of No. 89, and see what the author proceeds to state as the very first “symbolical exposition.” It is the statement respecting Moses to which I have already called your attention, and which represents him as offering a type of Christ during the conflict of Israel with Amalek. In my former letter, I merely protested against what is clearly and undeniably an addition to, if not contradiction of, the word of God, for, on that occasion, I wished only to notice what was most obvious, and, I should have thought, most indefensible; but, for reasons which will, I hope, appear sufficient, I would now add some other observations.

In the first place, how are we to get that which lies at the foundation of the type, the *cruciform* figure? Surely the notion of such a

thing is all but directly contrary to the Scripture history. He who reads that history finds that when Moses first received his commission to deliver Egypt (Exodus, iv. 2), he had a rod in his hand; and, after its miraculous transformation into a serpent, he was told, "Thou shalt take *this rod*, in thine hand, *wherewith thou shalt do signs*" (v. 17); and, accordingly, when he returned into Egypt, he took it (now dignified with the title of "the Rod of God" —v. 20) with him. I need scarcely say how this rod was used during the plagues of Egypt¹, or at the dividing of the Red Sea², or, what has nearer connexion with the present subject, at the smiting of the rock in Horeb³.

Surely these particulars explain to us what

¹ "Thou shalt stand by the river's brink against he [Pharaoh] come; and *the rod* which was turned to a serpent shalt thou take in thine hand." (Ex. vii. 15) . . . "Behold, I will smite with *the rod* that is in mine hand upon the waters," (v. 17); and see the chapters which follow.

² "The Lord said unto Moses, Wherefore criest thou unto me? speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward: but *lift thou up thy rod*, and *stretch out thine hand* over the sea and divide it." . . . "And Moses stretched out his hand," &c. (Ex. xiv. 15, 21.)

³ "And the Lord said unto Moses, Go on before the people, and take with thee of the elders of Israel; and *thy rod*, wherewith thou smotest the river, take in thine hand and go." (Ex. xvii. 5.)

was meant by the declaration, "wherewith thou shalt do signs," and prepare us to understand the words of Moses, only four verses farther on in the same seventeenth chapter, "And Moses said unto Joshua, Choose us out men, and go out, fight with Amalek: to morrow I will stand on the top of the hill *with the ROD OF GOD in mine hand*. So Joshua did as Moses had said to him, and fought with Amalek: and Moses, Aaron, and Hur went up to the top of the hill. And it came to pass, when Moses held up his *hand* that Israel prevailed, and when he let down his *hand*, Amalek prevailed." Now, could any unprejudiced reader of this, and of the accounts which are given of the previous occasions on which Moses had done signs with his rod, in all of which he is (as one might naturally expect) represented as holding the rod of God in his *hand*, not *hands*—could any one, I say, who was impartially seeking truth, imagine, that on *this* occasion, Moses stretched out both hands at once, so as to make his body a type of the cross? Can we doubt that he *now* stretched forth his hand, holding the "rod of God," as at other times?

But this allegorical interpretation, which has a fancy to bring in the form of the Cross does

not know what to make of the thaumaturgic rod; and with the caprice which so eminently characterizes the proceedings of its patrons casts it aside, and says not a word about it. Surely, if the action was typical, the "Rod of God," which Moses had thought it worth while to declare that he would hold in his hand, must be a feature too important to be thus passed over.

In one thing, of course, this sign wrought by the "Rod of God" would differ from all the previous ones—namely, that instead of being accomplished instantly, or in a very short time, it occupied a whole day; and Moses, we may naturally suppose, would be obliged, to use first one hand, and then the other, and when both became (as we are told they were) heavy, he would as naturally avail himself alternately of the assistance of Aaron and Hur who were beside him. If any one prefers supposing that Moses held the rod with both hands it seems to me that he equally destroys the very ground and essence of the figure, which is the *form* of the *cross*.

I can hardly suppose that any attempt will be made to evade this on the ground that, notwithstanding what is previously said of the

rod, it is not expressly stated that on this occasion Moses had it, or anything else, in his hand when he held it up. If it be, the objector must be reminded of the promise made by Moses "I will stand on the top of the hill *with the Rod of God in mine hand.*" We must suppose that he did what he said he would do; and beside this there is enough in the language of the passages to which I have referred, to remove any doubt that the mention of the one, was equivalent to that of both. For instance, (chap. ix. 22,) "The Lord said unto Moses, 'Stretch forth thine *hand* toward heaven that there may be hail¹;' " and in the next verse we read, "And Moses stretched forth his *rod* toward heaven."

It is more likely that we may be told that in this history of the conflict with Amalek, the Septuagint and Samaritan reading is, that when Moses lifted up his "hands," Israel prevailed. This is true; and it does not appear to me to be any contradiction of what I have suggested as the sense of the passage; for, whether alter-

¹ Chap. ix. 22.—And again, "The Lord said unto Moses, Stretch out thine *hand* over the land of Egypt . . . and Moses stretched out his *rod* over the land of Egypt." (Chap. x. 12, 13.)

nately or both together, it is quite clear that Moses did lift up his "hands," and that during the time that he did so, Israel prevailed. If, however, it can be shown that there is a difference amounting to a real contradiction, I must beg to stand (with our translation) on the Hebrew text. That is quite clear and express; and should it appear at all strange that the LXX. Greek translators, supposing them to have understood that the hands of Moses were raised singly and alternately, should have used the *plural* number, I will for a moment, waive all consideration of authority, and ask, in return, whether it would not be much more strange that a writer who meant to tell us that both the hands of Moses were lifted at once, should have used the *singular* number?

If this seems trifling, it must be remembered that the very root and foundation of the whole matter, is the assumption that Moses placed his body "so as to form a type of the cross," and if he did not in fact do so, the whole matter falls to the ground, and we are simply listening to one who (whether intentionally or not) is, in fact, a deceiver who is falsifying the word of God. I am compelled to use language which may seem harsh, because, without

it, the insidious but pernicious error which I oppose would slip away under some form of fancy, or poetry, or perhaps under a half-reluctant smiling confession, that to dull people it might seem to be nonsense. You, I am sure, understand me, and I anxiously desire that every one who sees these lines may do the same. Let any man who chooses make up these fancies, and call them poetry or prose, or what he pleases, or let him take them up on any authority, or no authority, and call them traditions, because he knows not what else to call them; but when he describes them as "interpretations of Scripture"—when he presents them to the church as "meanings" (natural, or supernatural¹, or what not) of the written word of God—I call on men to beware of him as a seducer, even though he may come as an angel of light, and really be himself persuaded that he is one.

For you will observe, and it should be most deeply considered, that this mode of allegorizing comes before us with peculiarly high pretensions. It claims to be the revelation of hid treasure. It pities those who are gathering

¹ What would have been said of me four years ago if I had added "non-natural?" [This note was added in 1845.]

up the mere product of the surface, and intimates that it has something far more valuable to offer to those who are worthy to receive it; but that it dares not rashly expose things so high and holy, lest it should be casting pearls before swine. The author of No. 89 tells us that the date of A.D. 136, assigned to the epistle ascribed of St. Barnabas, "deserves notice because it suggests sufficient reason for the freedom with which the author, in a popular tract, exhibits the method of symbolical exposition, which was generally rather withdrawn from ordinary eyes. The calamity, perhaps, was great and astounding enough to justify *disclosures* otherwise irregular, for the *consolation* and *establishment* of the faithful."—p. 16.

I am glad to quote these words, not only as containing a pretty strong statement of the claim which is made in behalf of the allegorizing system, but because, under their protection, I hope I may offer some further remarks without encountering the usual retort. If, without something of the kind to back me, I had ventured to say that even supposing this allegory not to outrage truth or falsify scripture, yet I did not see the expediency of making it, or the profit to arise from it, I should have

expected to be sneered down as an utilitarian—a mere *cui-bono* man—one who, when heavenly wisdom was offered, had the brutish soul to ask “what is to be got by it?” Now, however, there is no fear of any such thing. Wonderful as the matter may be in itself, its object and use is plainly declared. The Church, we are told, was perhaps suffering from great and astounding calamity, and these disclosures were “for the consolation and establishment of the faithful.” This is, undoubtedly, a very high object, a very great practical good; and it is admitted that, without being a mere *cui-bono* man, or a rationalist, or anything of the kind, we may suppose that this good object formed a sufficient reason for what was not only unusual, but “irregular.” This is, as I have said, taking high ground, and making a high claim.

Now let us, if we can, for a moment cast aside our conviction that the allegories about Moses and Abraham, to which I have called your attention, are mere fictions contrary to the word of God, and let us suppose them to be all quite true, what was there in them calculated to console and establish Christians suffering under great and astounding calamity? Suppose the “disclosure” all most authentic, what does

it amount to? What is the esoteric truth thus irregularly delivered "to Christian men and women without distinction," because the circumstances of the time called for unusual comfort? I really do not know whether the author means the disclosure of what he considers particular truths respecting Moses, Abraham, &c., or the disclosure of the fact that there was a species of allegorical interpretation in use among certain persons in the Church which they kept secret from "Christian men and women" in general. I suppose the latter is his meaning, and that we are to consider the consolatory fact to be, the annunciation that such allegories had been made out of the Old Testament, and were known to persons who, like the author of the epistle, could, if they would, reveal them to those who were "worthy;" and that we, and they to whom the epistle was addressed, are only to regard the allegories which it contains as specimens of what might be done in that kind.

I do not mean to argue about this. It might be so; and perhaps the suffering Church *was* comforted; and if it was, we have no right to judge Him, who works out his own pleasure by his own means. It might be so, and there may

be many "Christian men and women" in the present day who would tell us that they find these allegories most edifying, and peculiarly conducive to the consolation of their minds and the establishment of their faith. It is to such a degree a matter of taste, and feeling, and circumstance, that it would be absurd to attempt to argue it on any general grounds; but I will beg leave to make one observation respecting it. I will suppose, for the sake of argument, that the epistle had its intended effect, and that, as I have already said, the suffering Church *was* consoled and established by it; but then, I cannot but add my conviction that the Church must have been in a very unhealthy state. Nor can I help forming the same opinion respecting the mind of every man who prefers hunting about in uncertain allegory to taking plain truth as he finds it.

I am not speaking against the lawful use of poetry, and riddles, and the like; but I believe that in all serious matters, the desire and object of the mind should be the perception and apprehension of truth. I cannot but imagine that a suffering Church of Israelite Christians, in a healthy state, would have been more comforted by calling to their remembrance the plain

truth, that when Amalek would have destroyed their fathers, the uplifted rod of God, in the hands of Moses, had given them strength and victory; or by reminding them of their Saviour's pregnant declaration, that their father Abraham had seen his day with rejoicing, than by disclosing to them the hidden mystery that the body of Moses was put into the form of a cross, or that the number of the persons circumcised by Abraham would make a cypher of the name of Jesus and the cross. I do not, I repeat, deny (for who can prove?) that the Church in astounding calamity was comforted by these disclosures, but I also repeat my persuasion that a proneness to seek out such allegories, and to feed upon them, far from being a high attainment, is a symptom of a mind either naturally weak or debilitated by dabbling with fiction. I cannot reverence it. Even when it puts on its most imposing air of mystery, I cannot offer veneration. I feel that I ought not to respect it, because it is not founded in truth, and it leads to the disrespect and undervaluing of truth. Of this I gave such instances in my former letter as warrant my thus speaking.

It may be worth while to offer one suggestion as to the cause of this; and to account, if

we can, for the production of an effect so surprising and so lamentable in persons not only endowed with high intellectual powers, but with a strong sense of morality and religion.

“We see,” says the author of the Tract, “how meanly even respectable persons allow themselves to think of the highest sort of poetry;” I do not know what is referred to as the highest sort of poetry, nor do I know in what manner the opinion of respectable people has been expressed on the subject; but I believe that poetry, like everything else, will be, and should be, degraded in the eyes of wise men when it gets out of its place; and that it does get out of its place when it interferes with the interpretation of Scripture. I may expose myself to ridicule, but I must go further, and express my belief that whenever poetry, or what those who make it are pleased to call so, mixes what is real and what is imaginary; or, to speak more plainly, truth and falsehood, in such a way as that the one is liable to be taken for the other, it is mischievous. Poetry has, I doubt not, a sphere of truth—that is, it is not out of the power, or out of the legitimate province, of poetry to deal with pure truth, whatever may be the strength of its temptation to adorn and

adulterate it with fiction. Such work would probably require high powers, get few readers, and be thought rather dull even by "respectable persons." Well, then, there is the whole world of imagination open to the poet; let him soar through the infinite space of fancy, explore it, and bring back its treasures; or, if he has not strength of wing for this, let him minister such gift as he has to his fellow-sinners, who are looking to him to express the feelings for which they have no language, affections which swell their bosoms and fill their eyes, but which they have no skill to utter; let him be the interpreter of loving hearts to each other and to God. Or if this is not enough, and he sighs for more worlds—if nothing will satisfy him but mixing up truth and fiction, let him displace all geography, and derange all chronology, and play his pranks with all the kingdoms of the earth, their monuments, and their chronicles, and make them just what he pleases. It matters comparatively little to mankind now living, or unborn, whether Constantinople was taken by the Turks under Cæsar, or the Tartars under Wellington; and if one way of representing the matter is more commodious than the other to the wayward bard, or if a nice

eclecticism in history enables him to bring together the heroes and exploits of all ages, with picturesque and poetical effect, he must have his way. It is making him a great concession. It is reluctantly yielded because we are willing that he should take all we have, if he will but spare our lives—if he will but keep his hands off the Oracles of God.

ESSAY II.

SACRED ART.—NO. I.

MUSIC.

EVERYTHING which God has made is in some degree capable of reflecting his glory, and showing forth his praise. On the other hand, every thing within the reach of man's ignorance and sin may be so abused as to become an offence to the Creator. These are trite remarks; and the trite answer is, that we should take care to keep things in their right places, and within proper bounds. Nothing can be more true; and the rule is practically useful, so far as we are able to decide what are proper bounds and right places. But it is very hard to apply it to some things, especially to some which seem as if they must, more or less, connect themselves with Religion, and which come to us with a

frank confession that they will be very good, or very bad, according to the use that may be made of them.

I need scarcely say how obvious this is as it respects the fine arts. It is plain that they are likely to mix themselves up with Religion ; and it would be easy to show that they may all be lawfully and beneficially used, as well as that all and each of them may be made mischievous ; and this, too, while bearing what is called a "sacred" character. It is, therefore, of great importance that we should, as well as we can, define their proper bounds and right places.

Yet I am inclined to think that, before this can be done, we must go a step farther back, and attempt something more like a definition of their nature than anything which I have met with. I may at a future time, offer some remarks on another of the arts as connected with religion ; but on this occasion I confine my observations to Sacred Music.

And what is Sacred Music ? I do not ask captiously, or as cavilling at the words ; but it really is a question which has long puzzled me, and I believe that a satisfactory reply, if we can get one, will go a good way towards settling the further and more important ques-

tion of use and abuse, and proper bounds and right places. What, I repeat, is Sacred Music?

We may, of course set down at once the Anthem and Service books of the church; they must be sacred music if anything is, and I suppose we may add (if they are not included) the "apt notes" which decorate some of the earlier editions of Sternhold and Hopkins. We may add, too, the "short-square-even and uniform ayres," as Mr. Mace calls them, which are known and used exclusively as "Psalm Tunes." This music is never used except as an act of worship in professedly devotional Services.

So far is plain enough, but I hardly know what to say next. The reader is thinking, I dare say, of Handel, Oratorios, Lent performances, Westminster Abbey, Haymarket, Exeter Hall, &c. Well, so am I; but it is there my puzzle begins. Surely ORATORIOS are sacred music. Well, perhaps they are. My inquiry is, how that character is conferred; and therefore, let me ask you to turn over in your mind some of Handel's oratorios. There is the Messiah, purely from the Scriptures, and so I suppose we need say nothing about it. Then there is Esther—that is Scripture history,

though not in Scripture words; well then, let that pass, too. There is Samson, rather Miltonic than scriptural, but still founded on sacred writ; and there is Judas Maccabeus, which is next door to the Bible, being about the Jews, and taken from the Apocrypha.

But are we not rather drifting away from the source of "sacred" character?

Perhaps a little; but there is Deborah, which is Scripture history again;—yes, but I think that this *Oratorio* when it first came out was called an *Opera*; and operas do not pretend to be sacred music. Was that only a misnomer? even if it was not, there is Athalia to make up for it. That came out as an *Oratorio*, and then became an *Opera*, or something very like one—that is, it formed a great part of the *Serenata* called "Parnasso in Festa." Handel, who, I suppose, knew what his music, and all music, was better than I do, seems to have found that it did for both sacred and profane. Apollo and the Muses, and all their pagan crew, found the "sacred" music quite suitable to the festive songs of Parnassus; and no doubt Orpheus sung *Ho perso il caro ben*, and the chorus followed him as naturally, and unsacredly, and operatically, as if their respective

pieces of music had not been originally composed for, and sung to, "O Lord, whom we adore," and "Hear from thy mercy seat."

I allude to these circumstances because they, in some degree, illustrate the difficulty which I feel. These things raise questions in my mind, such as—Does the music become "sacred" from the words? Is the Messiah, for instance, which is (to say the least) one of the purest instances, really a "sacred" performance?—that is, are we to understand that the awfully sacred words so elevate the music as to make it partake of their own holy character, and so make the performance of the oratorio, and the attendance on that performance, religious acts?—If we are so to understand matters, I feel it difficult to imagine a Christian people patronizing and attending the performance in a place of mere amusement, and still more in the notorious rendezvous of vice. That which is of so equivocal a character as to be equally fit for the playhouse and the cathedral, I should incline to consider as hardly proper to be performed in either. Or are we to understand that what is a secular performance in a theatre, is a sacred one in a church, and that *place* is the source of sacred character? Hardly, I think.

One can more easily suppose music to be rendered sacred by being appropriated to sacred *words*. At least, this seems to be the popular view of the matter, for a good many of what are called "Hymn Tunes" belong to well-known songs or glees. Many good people, I doubt not, have in public worship sung the music, who would have been shocked at the words, of "Drink to me only with thine eyes;" and I have heard the music of Atterbury's very pretty glee, "Lay that sullen garland by thee," (omitting the jig movement, "Mirth and courage conquer love,") in a popular dissenting chapel in the environs of London.

Since I wrote the foregoing paragraph, I have been singing Rousseau's Dream in my parish church, and have been led to think whether it makes any difference where the music, though confessedly secular in its origin, has no words to abandon? For instance Milgrove borrowed from the exquisite first movement of Corelli's eighth solo in setting the Hymn "O Zion, afflicted with wave upon wave." Of course, he could not have made anything half so good, and perhaps nobody could have made anything much better, for the purpose; but then, as to the point in question, had the piece of music

two several and separate, sacred and secular, existences—one when sung by Lady Huntingdon, and another when played on a fiddle? Thousands have joined in such transferred music without being at all aware of it, or the worse for it; and as to the tunes themselves (for that is the subject of our inquiry) we must I suppose be content to imagine that they were profane all the week, and only became sacred when they had got their Sunday clothes on. But this, though it may dispose of them, is very far from being satisfactory as to the general question.

One might perhaps ask whether, if music does not become sacred from the words, it becomes so from *juxtaposition*?—that is, do words that have nothing religious in themselves render their music “sacred” because they are selected from, or performed in the midst of, other songs which really have some relation to sacred things? Or, to put a still plainer and stronger case, does a piece of merely instrumental music become sacred by being performed at the same time and place, and by the same musicians, as an oratorio of a professedly religious character? For instance, (I quote from an old newspaper account of a music meeting in a cathedral,)

“the great novelty of the morning, the oratorio of St. Paul, by Mendelssohn,” formed the first portion of the performance. It seems, technically speaking, to have gone well; and we are told that “the effect of the brass band, when, in reply to Saul’s question, ‘Who art thou, Lord?’ the words are heard, ‘I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest,’ is one of Mendelssohn’s most powerful and felicitous conceptions.”

Then the miscellaneous selection that succeeded this Oratorio, and formed the second part of the concert, was ushered in with Handel’s first Grand Concerto. Is a grand concerto “sacred?” and, if so, why? I do not mean to deny that those who arranged matters might so consider it, and think it very proper to form a part of a sacred performance, but merely to inquire into the grounds of the opinion. The newspaper critic certainly did not view it as a very sacred matter; for he explains, not very knowingly, to his readers (who could not be expected to know much about such an obsolete musician as Handel) that a grand concerto is “one of those instrumental pieces peculiar to the end of the seventeenth, and of the early part of the eighteenth centuries, in which *little*

unmeaning melodies are assigned to the violins, the intervals between them being filled up by the crash of the orchestra. In those days a grand concerto was a *mere series of such melodies as tickle the ear*—not one grand poetic conception, intended to act upon the imagination.” I presume, therefore, not in any way “sacred” or religious, which is all that we have to do with at present. Of course, I do not quote this writer as expressing my own opinion; but it may be supposed that he expresses that of many who heard the music, perhaps of some who appointed it. Indeed, as it may not occur to some readers, I will just say that, generally speaking and of course with reference to the respectable part of the press, quoting newspaper criticism and authority on popular subjects is commonly giving the language and opinions of the most able and influential writers of the day. In fact such publications are almost the only means by which men’s ideas on such subjects are formed, and by which popular feeling is modelled and expressed. And one objection to our making sacred things, and sacred words, matters of public amusement is the manner in which (without intentional profaneness, and, at the worst, when there is anything

bad, meaning nothing more than a puff for one performer, or a hit at another) such words and things are repeated and described by those whose business it is to report the news of the day. The passage above quoted occurred in what was an old newspaper when I published this essay nearly ten years ago; and it would be easy to multiply more modern instances¹.

¹ One or two specimens which have happened to catch my eye, and which are from different sources and of different dates, may show the sort of style to which I allude, and which, though common, does appear to me objectionable. They may also perhaps, in some degree, illustrate the state of mind and feeling of which it is the exponent.—“The Cathedral was again well filled at 4.30, when the noble Anthem, ‘Awake, awake, put on thy strength,’ was excellently given”—perhaps some prayers too, but I do not see any mention of them. “The *services* and *performances* [this reporter thinks it worth while to mention both, though perhaps it would have puzzled him to draw the line between them] at the opening of the organ in — church came off on Wednesday and Thursday. . . . The introduction by — was perfect. The 117th Psalm by the choir and congregation was a failure in several parts. This was amply redeemed by Miss —’s recitative and air from Handel, ‘O worse than death,’ and the chorus, which was sung with very powerful and thrilling effect. The Psalms for the day were then beautifully chaunted by the choir.” At another time and place “Mr. —’s solo, ‘When thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man’ told with exquisite effect. So did Mr. —’s ‘Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.’” “In —’s *Miserere* Miss — surpassed even herself :

Does not this Concerto, however, seem to get a sort of sacred character from the very name of Handel? Would the audience have felt quite the same if it had been one of Corelli's? or one of Bassani's Trios for two fiddles and a bass? Yet the pupil's Nativity and the master's "Sonata da Chiesa" were in origin, design and performance, as ecclesiastical, and therefore I suppose as sacred, as mere instrumental music can be. It may perhaps be said, too, for Handel's Concertos, that he did himself mix them in a sort of musical entertainments which he called Oratorios, and performed at the theatre; and that therefore, when the Oratorio goes to church, it takes the Concerto with it, (as Hogarth's spinster took her foot-boy, we will charitably believe) in the hope of making it religious, if not so before. Yet, still it seems to me that,

her voice thrilled through our nerves, and took refuge in our heart. We were delighted, and moved to tears, by the pure and holy pathos with which she uttered the words 'Lava me ab iniquitate mea.' "The canonical duett, 'I waited for the Lord,' was artistically sung by Misses — and —; and the chorus 'As pants the heart' [sic] went smoothly." "The Oratorio was artistically executed; and it is but justice to add that the singing of Miss —, in one solo, depicting the anguish of the Saviour, was distinguished by more than ordinary fervour and ability."

even if we admit this, it does not get rid of the whole difficulty, or explain to one's satisfaction when and how, (and in certain cases, whether) music is or is not "sacred."

Here, too, I think some perplexity arises from what are called *Voluntaries*. They are performed not only in the place, but during the time of divine worship; and, having no words, and no connexion with any, it is, I suppose, simply to the time and place of their performance that they owe their sacred character, if they have one. I am not prepared to say that music having no reference to words may not form a part, or at the least a highly appropriate accompaniment, of divine service; but there are not unfrequently circumstances which tend to give these voluntaries an ambiguous character. Here, again, a specific case will best illustrate my meaning. One Sunday afternoon, sometime ago, I went into a church in London. I really know not the name of the incumbent, the parish, or anybody that lives in it, and I hope that I shall not be considered as impertinent in thus referring to it. The prayers were read with remarkable seriousness and devotion; but in the midst of them the organist carried me away to the Opera

House. It was a beautiful air, and very nicely played, though not quite as I have heard it treated on the organ by Samuel Wesley. I should like to know whether it was "sacred" music. I am not writing to censure the thing, though it certainly is not what I should wish to be customary in any church under my control. It may be said that very probably nobody else who heard it partook of my feelings, and that it is next to impossible that the charity children and beadle, who form too great a proportion of afternoon congregations in London, should have ever heard Catalani and Tramezzani in their lives—as unlikely as that those warblers should ever have heard their duett in the *Clemenza di Tito* sung as I have heard it in another church as a psalm tune—and this I fully admit. I am not complaining that any great sin was committed or any great harm done—it is really not with a view to any such objections that I notice the thing. I believe that my mind was quite as well prepared for the resumption of the service, as it would have been if the organist had performed such undeniably sacred music as the Old Hundredth, with such variations as I was accustomed to hear at my parish church

—or as if he had played an overture from an Oratorio—the Occasional, for instance, which I heard for the first time in a college chapel, to the great astonishment of my freshman's mind. My schoolboy stock of musical ideas did not contain its rampant fugue, and at first I really thought that the organist had burst forth with one or other of two of the popular tunes of the day, though I could not immediately decide whether it was "Drops of Brandy" or "The Rondeau in the Turnpike Gate." I am not, therefore, I repeat, referring to the matter with any view to the probable injury done to the congregation or any individual of it; and, indeed, that sort of devotion which would be very much defaced by such an occurrence, seems to me to be too nearly akin to the morbid sentimentalism which finds its religion put to flight by the publication of banns, briefs, or notices in the church. There is a spurious feeling by some supposed to be religious, which might vanish; for undoubtedly it is in the power of fiddle-sticks to destroy such devotion as they can create. One would not wish to offend anybody by introducing a song tune into divine worship, but it would be hard to respect the piety that had been overset by it,

especially if the tune had no low or ludicrous association.

And if, as we have perhaps seen some reason to think, music may sometimes become sacred by locality and association, may it not be asked whether that which is undeniably sacred in its origin and purpose loses anything of its character by being deprived of its proper consecrating circumstances? There does seem to me to be something incongruous in the common practice of mixing sacred and profane music (if I may be allowed to use terms which I have confessed that I do not clearly understand) in private parties for mere amusement. Sometime ago I spent the evening at a friend's, and after tea, to promote conversation, a lady was sent to the piano. I do not think that our discourse was profane or irreligious; but yet I could not help feeling as if there was something out of keeping in the musical accompaniment. Above all our talk the clear and powerful voice of the songstress rendered the oft repeated words "Lord God Almighty" distinct and dominant. I am quite sure that she meant nothing irreverent. On the contrary, I feel no doubt that, being a very religious woman, though she might not have objected to sing a common song, yet

she felt it more pleasant, and more agreeable to her christian character, to choose a piece of sacred music, and so she sung Handel's "Holy, holy¹," &c. The transition from such things to "Shakespeare's Loadstars," or the "Friar of Orders grey," seems to me harsh and abrupt. There is, to say the least, a want of modulation; but is that all?

I have, however, still less sympathy for that sort of religion which is frequently pleaded in defence of musical performances in churches. The newspaper writer to whose elaborate account I have already referred, tells us that in one part of Mendelssohn's oratorio "There is a *cantabile* of discourse and agreement between the. stringed instruments, blended with the voices of the chorus in so sweet and holy a

¹ Since this essay was published, I have heard an anecdote relating to this song which is to our purpose. Many readers will be aware that, before its religious conversion, and translation into English, "Dove sei" was a love song in the Opera of Rodelinda. I have heard that, at a Music Meeting, Handel's sacred song "Holy, Holy," was appointed to be sung in a Cathedral. Unfortunately the Italian songstress to whom it was assigned was ignorant of our language; but the difficulty was met by allowing her to sing the original words. This she did to the great contentment of the audience (who, it may be presumed, either did not know, or did not care, what words she was singing) and especially of the Bishop, who signified his pleasure that it should be repeated.

strain that the mind, *in spite of itself*, assumes a religious tone." Now if this be true, there can, of course, be no objection to its being performed in the cathedral. One would wish that it had been repeated at the assembly room on that evening, and at the county gaol every day since.

But I fear that people deceive themselves very much about the nature of the feelings (especially what they take for religious feelings) excited by music. Where the heart pours forth prayer or praise, music gives it the tongue of angels; and he who, with whatever infirmity and imperfect understanding, is thus privileged to speak the language of heaven, may be joyfully conscious of the blessing; but, from what I have observed, I have some misgiving that many of those who feel very religious at an Oratorio are not particularly religious at other times, or in any tangible and intelligible way. If musicians have found out a method of blending instruments and voices so as to make the mind assume a religious tone "*in spite of itself*," it is certainly the greatest discovery of modern times; but even under the old state of things, there was something in the performance of the Hallelujah chorus, in a full London

Theatre, something in the rising up, and the mute reverence, of so great an assembly, well calculated to impress most minds with awe. I have never lost the impression made on my boyish mind the first time that I witnessed it; nor have I ever forgotten the astonishment with which I heard a lady behind me whisper to her companion, "That's pretty." Young and ignorant as I was, I should as soon have thought of calling an earthquake genteel; and I cannot help thinking that the greater part of the motley contents of the theatre would have, more or less, felt as I did, if they had heard her. They were, I really believe, in that awe-struck state which is described as being religious in spite of themselves.

I must, however, take the liberty to express my doubt whether the feeling, whatever it may be, is religion or religious. It is perhaps something more like that undefined veneration of the Great Unknown which the philosopher affects to feel among the more awful phenomena of nature, and which he assures us is all the religion that anybody need have or pretend to. Or, to borrow a more familiar, but more closely analogous, illustration, I am afraid that their religious feelings are more like the attachment

of the young lady whom one of the cleverest female writers of our country has described as going to see the parade, in a somewhat doubtful state of mind about one of the officers, but feeling quite sure "all the time the band was playing" that she really was in love; though she afterwards discovered to her cost that the music, and the red coats, and all the exciting circumstances had more to do with it than she had imagined. But I return to my question, "What is sacred music?" I think I have a right to ask that question; for it will not be denied that I have taken a good deal of trouble to show that I do not know how to answer it.

While this sheet has been passing through the printer's hands, I have seen an article in one of our ablest and most influential journals, some extracts from which I subjoin;—

"The season opened last night, when Haydn's Oratorio—or rather, perhaps, his Cantata—of the Seasons was given for the first time by the Sacred Harmonic Society, to an audience crowded into every corner of Exeter Hall. The Seasons was performed about ten years ago by the Professional Choral Society. . . . Last night, however, was the first occasion on which the work was heard in Exeter Hall, and we congratulate all parties concerned on having got over certain, we think, over-strained objections to the production in Exeter Hall, and by the Sacred Harmonic Society, of music not purely religious

in its character. While we would certainly ever wish to see the energies of our great choral society continue to be applied to the general purposes which it was established to advance, we still cannot think that there is any deviation from the spirit if there be from the letter of its constitution, in the performance of works of high musical art—not, perhaps, technically ecclesiastical in their nature, but grave, earnest, elevated, and, as in the case of the Seasons, full of devotional feeling, and containing many passages of a purely invocational character. We understand that a hunting chorus and a drinking chorus were objected to—the one illustrating the country sports and pursuits of autumn—the other typical of the conclusion of the vintage. Both of these compositions, and most particularly the former, are noble inspirations; and it would, indeed, we think, be drawing the line pharisaically tight, to say, in a musical work descriptive of the course of the seasons, the procession of sowing time and harvest, that two such natural illustrations of the course of rural life—illustrations which have been true of it from the beginning of the world, and will probably be true of it to the end, should have been rejected.

“The Seasons was written by Haydn in 1800, two years after the completion of his great Oratorio. The subject was a suggestion of the arranger of the libretto of “The Creation,” Baron Swieten, who selected passages from Thomson, which he translated into German¹. . . . We have said that the

¹ The idea was not original; and it can hardly be supposed that Haydn was ignorant of Vivaldi's bold attempt to represent (if I may so speak) the Seasons by merely instrumental music. “*Il Cimento dell' Armonia e dell' Inventione, Concerti a 4 e 5*,” was probably published before Haydn was born. Each of the four Concertos which represent the Seasons has a “*Sonetto Dimostrativo*” of its own. These Sonnets are prefixed to the book; but the words are reprinted with the music

work is rather a cantata than an oratorio. It contains not a single dramatic word or note. The libretto is purely descrip-

at the different parts which represent them. Spring rejoices in singing birds, zephyrs, thunder and lightning, succeeded by the singing birds (in a way which may remind one of a more modern composer), the goatherd asleep with his faithful dog at his side lulled by the murmuring foliage, concluding with a dance of peasants to the bagpipe. Summer begins with languor from the heat (did any of the "feebleness and tameness in the 'Summer'" which is noticed in Haydn's composition, arise from any notion of the 'languideza per il caldo?') but the cuckoo is lively, and again birds and zephyrs take their turn till Boreas comes down upon them in a black storm of demisemiquavers, followed by thunder and lightning and hail, and great damage to the unprotected crops. Autumn begins with the dancing and singing of peasants, it goes on to drinking with its usual consequences, and the unfortunate subjects of representation begin to slide down tremendous slurs closed by octave-somersets, tumble in triplets, and stagger in trills, till, as may be supposed, they go to sleep in semibreves pianissimo. Afterwards comes the chase, horns, horses, dogs, guns. Winter opens with a few bars of shivering. These are followed by several lines of "orrido vento" which cuts its way at the rate of two and thirty demisemiquavers to the bar; the shivering people run stamping their feet for cold, totter and trip and slide upon slurs in a surprising manner, till their teeth begin to chatter, then what a pleasant change to the fireside, but yet again we have walking timidly, sliding and tumbling on the ice, which breaks, and all the wintry winds conspire to get up a storm. I have had these compositions many years, but I have never heard them fully performed; indeed they are very odd things, and it might not be easy to muster a band of amateurs who could do justice to them without more study and practice than they are really worth. Yet I cannot help having a suspicion that, notwithstanding their extravagance, better judges than myself would find, both in the harmony and the invention, something rather

tive and didactic, and the music is composed exactly in the same vein. . . . Miss Birch gave the arch little air, 'There was a squire, as I have heard say,' with sufficient intelligence and the proper playfulness of effect. The melody is simplicity itself—light and pretty—and the audience enjoyed it so much as to call loudly for a repetition. . . . The elaborate piece of choral writing, 'Marvellous, O Lord,' went without a hitch. The Hunting Chorus was, however, felt to be the choral triumph of the evening. The composition itself is admirable, genial, hearty, with a broad, simple melodic vein and excellently coloured by the brass. It was sung with a power—with a gusto, we would say—which was highly in character. The mass of sound was magnificent, and the staccato passages taken as sharply by the mass of voices as by one. The grand burst of 'Tally-ho' was sung, we will answer for it, as the word was never before heard in Exeter Hall."

It is needless, after what I have already said, to occupy space with observations on this extract. I only here remark, and I do so without meaning any disrespect, that the writer seems to me to be in a state of doubtful and puzzled ideas on the subject very like that which originally gave rise to this Essay, and under which I

ahead of the period to which they belong. At least I should think it an affront to Haydn to suppose that he did not know them, or think them worth looking at.

After this note had been sent to the press I looked in Lempriere's *Universal Biography*; and found it stated that Vivaldi died about 1743. We are also told that "his symphonies and *Four Seasons* are still popular pieces;" a statement hardly true, I should suppose, in the year 1808, and indicating that the composer of the dictionary sometimes transposed without due regard to time.

still suffer. I wish that what I have written may lead to a consideration and discussion of the matter. Surely there must be some way in which we may render to God the things that are God's, and take to ourselves the most heavenly of all his earthly gifts, without fear of offence to the Giver.

A vacant space in the proof admits of my adding another extract from a still more recent newspaper;—

“The Sacred Harmonic Society commenced its season for 1851-2 last week, with a bold attempt at revolution under a very thin disguise, The Cantata of Haydn's ‘Seasons’ will not be made an Oratorio by the society calling it so; and considering the character of much of the support that is lent to the society by the countenance of clergymen, and many religious families who choose to draw a distinction between public performances of sacred and profane art, we must say the committee have blundered terribly in opening their campaign in Advent, with so barefaced an imposition. No doubt many were glad to hear what by some—not by us—has been styled Haydn's ‘chef d’œuvre,’ but the countenances of many of the more seriously inclined fell on hearing Exeter Hall ring with the shouts of ‘Tally-ho,’ and Jane's recital of how she tricked the squire. That these two pieces were the only ones encored sufficiently denotes the predominant character of the composition, which, however pleasant and moral, certainly is not sacred. We think the society might have ventured the performance as an off-night during the season with every success; but they have made a mistake in opening with it.”

ESSAY III.

SACRED ART.—NO. II.

PAINTING.

PAINTING is a very comprehensive word; and a painter may be anything, from the drudge on his knees daubing a skirting-board, up to Michael Angelo. And in this wide sense, comprehending also engravers and artists of every kind, who paint through the intervention of wood and metal, the word must be understood when we are considering their reference to sacred things.

Viewed in this light, the works of painting which are entitled to be considered in a few desultory remarks on sacred art, are of three classes, which may be thus distinguished, though not perhaps strictly defined.

First, decorative or ornamental painting,

lery, &c., and who in a free country are permitted to say what they please of the things before them, if they speak civilly, and do not mind being laughed at.

It will be obvious therefore that my object is not so much to speak of the art itself, as of its relation to religion; and of the influence which it exercises on the minds of men with regard to sacred things. And in attempting this I am sensible that there is much difficulty in conveying to others the feelings which the subject excites in my own mind, and under the influence of which I cannot help thinking it a matter of much interest and importance. At the same time, I feel considerable hesitation in doing it. No man likes to be thought deficient in taste, or fastidious about trifles; and yet it is difficult to make an opponent keep in mind the difference between disapproving and disliking; and it is impossible to convey to others, in a few moments, by a few words, feelings which have arisen by gradual process in one's own mind. Perhaps I may be excused, therefore, if I introduce and illustrate my own view of the subject, and what I wish to say about it, by relating a trifling story, of which the reader may disbelieve as much as he pleases.

I once had an opportunity of serving an artist of considerable merit, whom I had met a few times in the company of those whom I respected. They held him, I knew, in high esteem, not so much for the genius which he was allowed on all hands to possess, as for his amiable character and high principles. Some time afterwards, he called on me; and having seated himself in my study, he carefully uncovered a picture which he had brought in his hand. "I wish you," he said, while thus employed, "to accept this trifle—you see what it is?" I answered,—somewhat evasively, I confess, for I did not know how to identify it with any particular scene of history, ancient or modern,—“It is very beautiful, if you will allow one who does not pretend to be a judge to say so. You know, however, that I do not pretend to speak as an artist, but merely as one not insensible to the expression of the picture, or of the ideas which it is intended to convey. The little boy is a picture of intelligent innocence, somewhat sad, yet expressing expectation and curiosity, repressed by awe—not to say fear. The man who holds the child’s hand is an image of all that is noble and virtuous, softened, but not subdued, by emotions of tenderness. The ve-

nerable sage before whom they stand, and to whom the man is presenting the boy, occupies his antique chair with awful dignity, yet looks upon them with benevolence. He is the very type of reverend old age; and the light falls beautifully, from that painted oriel window, on the grey locks which adorn a countenance that speaks genius, cultivation, and profound thought."

"Then," said the artist, "I have succeeded. I have nothing to wish. I am not only glad that the picture pleases you, whom I wish to accept it as a mark of gratitude, but, as I aspire to be something more than a mechanic, I am really more gratified by your remarks than I should have been if a Royal Academician had complimented the drawing, the colouring, or any of the various points which engage the professional critic."

"But what is that youth doing," said I, "quite in the shade—I did not observe him—behind the great chair, with fierce black eyes, raven elf-locks, and an aspect so ferocious, that if it were not good straightforward beast-like ferocity, as free from malice as from fear, one might expect that he was going to start round and kill the venerable sage?"

"My dear Sir," said the artist, somewhat moved, "you surprise me, I should be grieved indeed if the features, or attitude, or anything about the figure of the youth, conveyed the idea of malice, or any ignoble and vicious passion: I am sorry that you think even such a word as 'ferocious' applicable to it. I meant, indeed, to represent boldness, daring courage, the energy, the enthusiasm (perhaps something of the wildness) of ambition; you know best, but in this I trust I have done him no injustice."

"Done *whom*?" said I, in my surprise, unconsciously betraying that I knew nothing of the matter. "Who is it?"

"Who?" he replied, in amazement,— "Why, young Scott."

"Oh!"—said I, and some vague suspicion of the truth flashed on my mind, and kept me silent while he proceeded.

"You will remember that I first had the pleasure of meeting you at the house of my old schoolmaster, Dr. Drummetin, and that after dinner you were called on to relate a very remarkable story, of which everybody knows more or less, but which some of the company wished to take the opportunity of hearing from yourself; and in the course of it, you were led

to describe your father's first taking you to school, your introduction to the master, and the scene, so remarkable in itself, and in its consequences, which followed with young Scott. You will see that I have not forgotten your mention of the bow window, and the painted glass in the school-room. Indeed, the story was highly interesting to myself, and some others who had long wished for an opportunity of hearing it, and I could perceive that to yourself and your two schoolfellows, who were at the table, it was peculiarly so; and when I came to look for a subject for this little picture, I could not think of any one more appropriate, or more likely to be permanently interesting to yourself and your family. I shall be extremely sorry, however, if you think that I have done injustice to your friend Scott; because, though you said little about it, yet the story itself, and your way of telling it, showed the warm affection which you had for him, and the sacrifice which you made to serve him. You mentioned that he was killed at the storming of Badajos; and happening a day or two after this meeting with you, to fall in with a relation of my own who was present on that occasion, I asked him if he knew Scott. He said he was not ac-

quainted with him, but knew his person, and saw him fall, 'fighting like a devil, within six yards of the breach.' This phrase, and indeed the young man's choice of a military life, under his circumstances, and with his prospects, led me to conceive of him as possessing an enterprising and ambitious disposition, such as I have endeavoured to delineate."

"As to the phrase used by your relative," said I, "it is perhaps too applicable to all who fight; and when a man has trespassed so far on the devil's ground as to be within six yards of a breach, he must either fight like a devil or die like a dog. How poor Scott came into that predicament, a lady who had just left the table before I told the story could have too sadly explained; but at the time to which your picture refers, he was one of the most gentle and unambitious creatures in the world, with blue eyes, flaxen hair, and a face like a merry angel, full of living pleasure and affection."

"If it will render the picture more agreeable to you, I shall be very glad to alter that figure; and indeed I should be sorry on every account to do him injustice," said my friend.

"Why, to speak the truth," I replied, "I could never feel happy to have him so repre-

recollect it as well as if it were now before me, capers and all."

"That is just the thing," replied the artist, "the circumstances which you mentioned in the story to which I have referred, prove that that introduction was a most remarkable circumstance, a most important era, in your history. It will always be a piece of family history very interesting to your descendants. They will not be prevented from enjoying it by that knowledge of little details which you unfortunately possess, and I trust they will look on it from generation to generation, not only as an idealization of a scene most interesting in its consequences to themselves, but as a record of their ancestor's kindness to one who was grateful."

I heartily thanked my friend, and suffered him to go without farther argument. I sat gazing at the picture for some time in mere surprise. I could scarcely help laughing at the idea of my friend's having "committed false report" in so odd a manner. "This," thought I, "is, no doubt, the 'great style' that Sir Joshua talks of. I little expected to have been the subject of it. I wonder whether every body else in the party who heard me tell the story

formed an imagination of *all* its facts as unlike the reality. If each had made a picture, how amusing it would be to compare them." Of course it immediately occurred to me that men had actually been doing this for ages with all sorts of persons and things incomparably more important than myself and my history. More serious and sadder thoughts came on. I hung up the picture, with a comfortable assurance that no body would ever guess what it meant, while I said to myself, "What was my father, and what am I, that we should expect to be better treated than Abraham and Isaac, who have been exhibited to the world in every form of caricature for these thousand years? Nay, why should I speak of patriarchs, why of prophets and apostles, of angels and archangels, of cherubim and seraphim; where is the holy of holies into which the painter has not intruded—who and what is there in heaven or in hell that he has not dared to portray?"

I have just been looking at a copy of the splendid edition of Lyndewode's "*Provinciale*," printed at Paris in 1505. The title-page contains a head with three faces, obviously intended as a representation of the ever-blessed Trinity. Some person, shocked, I presume, at the pain-

ter's intrusion into things unseen, has in this copy carefully obliterated it. Perhaps few of my readers will blame him; fewer still (perhaps not one) but would think it better that no such thing had been attempted. But yet—though I do not expect so many of them to go with me—I must say that to my own feelings and judgment such a picture is scarcely more offensive than attempts to represent the great mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh. We know, indeed, that the Lord of Heaven was formed in fashion as a man; and if we could paint an abstract man, we might, perhaps, without sin indulge the childish fancy. It is our grateful boast, the subject of our admiring contemplation, and it should be the theme of our discourse, that He was “made flesh and dwelt among us,” but could we tolerate the babbler who should affect to describe minutiae?—to enter into all the details of stature and complexion, all the particulars of feature and gesture, all the petty circumstances of dress and demeanour? But the free and easy painter walks unchecked through all these cobweb impediments, finds his way unbidden into the sacred guest-chamber, gives you his precious fancy of the sorrows of Gethsemane, and de-

picts the anguish of the cross as his contribution to a shilling exhibition ¹.

¹ I need not say that this was published long before Dr. Pusey's very recent letter to the Bishop of London; nor need I add that I do not quote Dr. Pusey as an authority respecting what is right or wrong, or natural to Christians—but, as an argument to those who will have pictures, while they denounce images, of the Crucifixion, it seems to me to be unanswerable. Whether any attempt at reply has been made, I do not know. He says;—

“The objection cannot be merely to representations of our Lord. *Pictures* of the Crucifixion abound everywhere. If any representation of our Lord were wrong, all would be. None are wrong in themselves.”—p. 144. [that is settled.]

“There can, in principle, be no difference between the Picture of the Crucifixion and the Figure of Christ Crucified; both alike set forth His Sacred Form and Countenance, and the Eyes which seem almost to look on those who look on him, more vividly to the mind. Yet pictures of the Crucifixion are received and beheld by all with reverence and love; the Crucifix, with dread of some wrong design in it.”—p. 146.

“And yet it cannot but be natural to every Christian heart to love to behold representations of his Crucified Lord. It cannot, dare not, need apology or defence. The principle, I must repeat, is the same whether we represent the Nativity, the Flight into Egypt, our Lord's obedience to His parents, His Baptism, Miracles, Teaching, Blessing little children, or His Agony or Crucifixion. In each and all, it is ‘the Word become Flesh and dwelling among us.’ Yet these are subjects now chosen for religious distribution ‘among the middling classes, the poor Charity Schools, and Church Missionary Societies.’”—p. 149.

There is, indeed, in all this something so gross that one can hardly speak of it at all without a fear of seeming irreverent; and I have observed that those who do irreverent things are particularly sensitive to the irreverence of talking about them. Yet it is of such things—the highest and most sacred—that we must speak, and speak freely, if we would see the matter in its true light.

But I give up the advantage, to spare myself and my readers this pain, and take somewhat lower ground. I am not without hope that by the story of my own picture, I have in some degree conveyed to the reader an idea of the feelings with which I look on the pictures of the saints and martyrs of the Christian church. Perhaps I may farther illustrate it than by saying that I feel as if the artist were treating me like a child. He paints a man, and tells me, "That is St. Augustine." I ask, "Why?" He stares at me as if I must be a natural-born fool to ask the question. I repeat, "Why is it St. Augustine? Why is it St. Augustine more than St. Hilary or St. Gybrian?" and he is puzzled. If I had said, "Why is that other one St. Laurence?" he would have laughed, and answered at once, "Because he has got a

gridiron." He would have taken me up with a quip as the Protector Somerset took up Bishop Gardiner, "If it were S. George (my Lord) where is his speare and dragon?" St. George of course was not, or could not be known to be, himself without these accompaniments—just as one would say that must be Elizabeth by her ruff, or Cowper by his nightcap¹. Of course we know that this is St. Sebastian, because he is stuck full of arrows, and that is St. Denis, because he has got his head in his hand, and so forth. But without such distinctive accidents as these there would be sad confusion in sacred art². And they are (of course not when they are so obvious as those which I have mentioned) too easily overlooked by thoughtless or near-sighted persons. It is within these six months

¹ I have some remarks which I wish to make on this nightcap; but to avoid burthening this page, and intruding what does not strictly belong to the subject of it, I remit them to Note A.

² I believe that more than one work has been published within these few years to teach people how to know the saints of the calendar by their symbols. To those who invoke them for particular purposes, and the exercise of peculiar gifts, it is of course very important to be able to distinguish them. But otherwise it does not seem to be of much consequence; unless indeed they give names to places, as St. Neots, St. Albans, St. Ishmaels, St. Dogmaels. In painting a Saint is a Saint.

that I have learned that the pictures of St. Peter and St. Paul, in St. Margaret's, Westminster, are not meant, as I supposed, to represent Moses and Aaron. I made what defence I could, and I think I should have done pretty well, but that, to my confusion and conviction, St. Peter's keys were pointed out, and there was no denying that, like or unlike, it must be the apostle.

Such mistakes are not very important, and such changes have been, or might easily be, made in old pictures; but what if we were to try the experiment with more modern materials?

If the readers of the British Magazine were promised that the next number should contain pictures of the Queen and the Duke of Wellington, they would be much surprised to find well known pictures which have hitherto passed for portraits of Queen Anne and the Duke of Marlborough. Would they be satisfied by being told that the engagement had been fulfilled by giving them a clever representation of a Queen of England and a great General? They would perhaps be still more discontented, if it were further explained to them that though the original pictures had borne the names of Queen Anne and the Duke of Marlborough, and had

been for a time adopted as their pictures, yet they had been painted by an eminent Hungarian artist, who had never been in England, or seen any real likeness of the original, and had only set his wits to work to imagine what sort of persons an English queen and warrior should be, and who was supposed to have hit the thing off uncommonly well.

But I need not say that the painter who would aspire to eminence in Sacred Art must (if I may trust Sir Joshua Reynolds) far outstep this impudence. It is his business to make a fine picture. He must look on every thing in heaven and earth, and under the earth, as a subject for his pencil. If he learns from the word of God that an apostle was not what he, in his pictatorial judgment, thinks he should have been, (viewing him as a thing to be painted) he is to make him so. "It is not enough in invention that the artist should restrain and keep under all the inferior parts of his subject [the *suppressio veri* is quite insufficient] he must sometimes *deviate* from *vulgar and strict historical truth* in pursuing the *grandeur* of his design. How much the *great* style exacts from its professors to conceive and represent their subjects in a poetical manner, *not*

confined to mere matter of fact, may be seen in the cartoons of Raffaele. In all the pictures in which the painter has represented the apostles, he has drawn them with great nobleness; he has given them as much dignity as the human figure is capable of receiving; yet *we are expressly told in Scripture that they had no such respectable appearance*; and of St. Paul in particular, we are told by himself that his bodily presence was mean. Alexander is said to have been of a low stature; *a painter ought not so to represent him*. Agesilaus was low, lame, and of a mean appearance; none of these defects ought to appear in a piece of which he is the hero. In conformity to custom I call this part of the art *history*; it ought to be called *poetical*, as in reality it is." That is, it is vulgarly called by a name which implies truth, while it ought to be called by one that implies, or will at least excuse falsehood. But can one imagine how any man of common sense and common honesty, could go on, as Sir Joshua does, "All this is not falsifying any fact; it is taking an allowed poetical licence¹." Why, what on earth is such poetical licence, *but* a licence to falsify facts. If people like to say that it is harmless falsifica-

¹ Disc. iv. p. 109.

tion, or such pretty falsification that they like it, and will have it, whether it is harmless or not, let them. But surely we are falsifying *words* beyond all toleration, and to the utter confusion of all ideas of right and wrong, if we maintain that the representing a person or thing as different from that which we know the reality to have been, is not falsifying a *fact*.

But suppose that we admit all that is asked—that we acquit the painter of the sin and shame which attaches to the falsification of facts, and give him the freedom and privilege of a rodomontading person who says what he thinks will sound fine, without expecting, or even wishing, to be believed; still surely sober-minded people will beg him to spare the facts and mysteries of God's revelation. If he wishes to paint truth, there are innumerable and infinite beauties of nature, animate and inanimate, spread before him; if this cramps his genius, if he must be what Sir Joshua prefers calling "poetical," I would take leave to suggest to him as I have already done to the poet, that the realms of imagination are boundless; and that if he has no creative power of his own, there are infinite stores sketched ready to his hand by the pen of

genius, and waiting for his pencil. Is all this too little? Is he an ill-used man unless he is permitted "to deviate from vulgar and strict historical truth" in representing the things of God?

It is obvious that this "great style" cannot claim any defence from what has always been an argument in favour of sacred pictures—viz., that they were books for those who could not read. When the images in Portsmouth church were broken in a tumult in the year 1547, Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, wrote to Captain Vaughan on the subject. In the course of his letter he says—

"The pursiuaunt carieth not on his brest the kinges names written in suche letters as a fewe can spell, but such as all can read, bee they neuer so rude being great knowne letters in Images of three Lyons, and three floures deluce, and other beasts holding those armes. And he that cannot read the Scripture" [i. e., the inscription] "written about the kinges great Seale, yet he can reade Saint George on horsebacke on the one side, and the king sitting in his maiestie on the other side, and readeth so much written in those images as if he bee an honest man he will put off his cap," &c.

This letter, it seems, Captain Vaughan sent to the Lord Protector, who replied at once both to it and to a letter that he had received

direct from the Bishop of Winchester. With regard to the passage just quoted, he says—

“ In deede images be great letters, yet as big as they be we have seene manie which have read them amisse. And belike they are so likelie to be read amisse that God himselfe fearing the Jewes to become euill readers of them, generallie did forbid them. Nor it is no great maruell though in reading of them the lay people are many times deceiued, when your Lordship (as appeareth) hath not truely read a most true and a most common Image. Your Lordship hath found out in the kinges highnesse great seale, S. George on horsebacke, which the grauer neuer made in it, nor the sealer neuer sealed with it, and in this inscription is not very little, and if it were, it could not escape your Lordshippes eies. As the inscription testifieth, the kinges Image is on both the sides ; on the one side as in war the chiefe captaine, on the other side as in peace the liege soueraigne : in harnesse with his sword drawne to defend his subiectes ; in his robes in the seate of Justice with his scepter rightfullie to rule and gouerne them, as he whom both in peace and warre we acknowledge our most naturall and chieffest head, ruler and governour. If it were S. George (my Lord) where is his speare and dragon ? And why should the inscription round about tell an untruth, and not agree to the image ? Yet it is called sometime so of the rude and ignorant people ; but not by and by, that that is commonly called so is alwaies truest. And some haue thought that by like deceiuing, as your Lordship herein appeareth to haue bin deceiued, the image of Bellerophon or Perseus was turned first and appointed to bee S. George, and of Poliphe-mus, of Hercules, or of other some Colossus to be S. Christopher, because autenticall histories have not fully prooued their two liues. But those be indifferent to be true or not true,

either thus inuented upon some deuise, or rising of a true fact or historie, and whether it were true or not, it maketh no great matter."

In reply to this the bishop says,—

"The image of S. John the Euangelist standing in the Chancell by the high altar was pulled downe, and a table of alabaster broken. And in it an image of Christ crucified, so contemptuously handled, as was in my hart terrible, to haue the one eie bored out and the side pierced, wherewith men were wondrously offended, for it is a very persecution beyond the sea, vsed in that form where the person cannot be apprehended. And I take such an act to be very slanderous, and esteeming the opinion of breaking Images, as vnlawful to be had very dangerous, void of all learning and trueth, wrote after my fashion to the captaine which letters I perceiue to come to your graces handes. I was not verie curious in the writing of them, for with me trueth goeth out plainly and roundly, and speaking of the kinges Seale, vttered the common language, I was brought vp in, after the old sort, when as I coniect of a good will the people taking S. George for a patron of the realme vnder God, and hauing some confidence of succour by God's strength derived by him, to increase the estimation of their Prince and Soueraigne Lord, called their king on horsebacke in the feate of armes, S. George on horsebacke, my knowledge was not corrupt, I know it representeth the king, and yet my speech came forth after the common language, wherein I trust is none offence."

—Fox's Martyrology, vol. ii. pp. 1219, 1220, 1224. Ed. 1597.

We may, perhaps, admit the bishop's excuse as it regards himself, and we hardly want any testimony to the fact that the "lay people are

many times deceived" in reading pictures, even when the pictures themselves are most faithful. But, to confess the truth, it seems to me that nothing which can be said on this subject comes fairly to the point, unless we compare and take into account the different state of men's minds at different periods. That may have been an inoffensive and even expedient mode of instruction, which has ceased to be so, perhaps, because men have become better or worse, or, it may be, because, without becoming better or worse, they have become something different from what they were before. There certainly was, only three or four centuries ago, an idea of symbolic representation (if I may so call it) very different from any thing which obtains now-a-days. Remains of it still linger. There is a fragment of a New York newspaper lying before me with five and twenty advertisements, each begun with a picture of a ship in full sail. It is impossible to imagine that these are intended for specific representations, not only because the pictures are all exactly the same, but because some of the advertisements relate, not to ships actually in existence, but to ships of very different kinds that are "wanted." There is also a perpendicular row of houses, all

just alike, illustrating another set of advertisements; and the man who wishes to let the four-story house, No. 55, Broad-street, prefixes the same picture as those who have only "workshops to let," or a "second floor, with counting-houses." General expressions, too, for stage-coaches, railway-trains, wild beasts, balloons, and other matters, decorate the walls of our streets; and these really are books for the unlearned and short-sighted, informing them that the reading underneath, whether they can read it or not, relates to certain subjects. But I think that this is pretty nearly as far as that species of art can be carried in the present day.

Let us, on the other hand, look at some earlier productions. Take, in the first place, that leviathan of the early press, now just three hundred and fifty years old, the great folio "Nuremberg Chronicle," the printing of which was finished on the 12th of July A.D. 1493, by Anthony Koberger¹. This work, it must be

¹ With the assistance of men whom he considered as first-rate artists—"adhibitis tamen viris mathematicis pingendique arte peritissimis Michaele Wolgemut et Wilhelmo Pleydenwurff, quarum solerti accuratissimaque animadversione tum civitatum tum illustrium virorum figure inserte sunt." The

observed, was written for the rich and the learned, in a dead language, and with profuse expense in decoration. Those who could not read the text might study, and might be edified by, the pictures of cities and of illustrious men (*tum civitatum tum illustrium virorum*), which appear in such profusion on almost every page; and the learned, it may be presumed, looked on them with favour, or, to say the least, without offence. As works of art they must, indeed, have contemplated some of the pictures with admiration. All this is clear and intelligible enough.

But then I cannot understand, and should really like to know, what was the state of the reflecting reader's mind as he worked his way through the history of the world in this huge folio, and read in succession the accounts of these "illustrious men," who were so graphically set before him in the wood-cuts? When, for instance, he got to the back of fol. 52, he would, perhaps, be gratified to find a portrait of the prophet Hosea. It was put there, I suppose, first named of these two artists was Albert Durer's master. The reader who wishes for further information respecting this work may find it in Dr. Dibdin's *Bibliotheca Spenceriana*, Vol. iii. p. 151, where twenty-six pages are devoted to the subject, and fac-similes of twenty-three of the wood-cuts are given.

pose, to please and edify him, and we may hope that he was pleased and edified. He might not be troubled with any of the scruples which intrude on me. He might never ask *why* that was Hosea any more than it was Habakkuk, or ponder how the likeness was obtained. It might be sufficient for him that there was something in the picture in which he could read the characteristics of the prophet. When he had turned over thirteen more leaves, he might, perhaps, be surprised to find a portrait very like that of Hosea put to represent Sadoch; but would he be sure that it was more than national resemblance? or than that degree of likeness which "the great style" would require to exist between a prophet and a priest both belonging to the Jewish nation? Would he not, however, be startled when, after this double opportunity of studying the picture, he came to it again at fol. 85, and found it representing Scipio Africanus, jun.? or still more when he met with it at fol. 242, bearing the name of Antonius de Butrio, whom it is not quite impossible, that he might have himself seen lecturing away on civil law at Bologna? or, farther still, at fol. 252, by being distinctly told that it represented the then living Nicolaus Perotus

—"rhetor disertissimus ad hanc etatem perveniens¹?"

There is great variety in the pictures, and I have never been able to guess the principle or rule, if there was any, by which they were assigned to the very different individuals whom they represent. Why should the goddess Juno and the prophetess Hulda be identified? Allowing for poetical licence, one is puzzled to imagine how one cut can properly represent Zephaniah, Æsop, Philo Judæus, Aulus Gellius, Priscian, and John Wicliffe. A very learned friend, to whom the pages of the *British Magazine* are much indebted, must, I think, be glad to know, if he has never observed, that Joachim Abbas, Alanus Magnus, and Apuleius, are all one and the same; but before any inference is drawn, it must be observed that they share their identity with others beside Hercules, Elijah, Aristotle, Lucan, Pliny, Sabellicus, and Guarini. The person whom Dr. Dibdin has given in his *Bibliotheca Spenceriana*, Vol. iii. p. 264, as a specimen of the illustrious men who figure in

¹ Perhaps any one who had read the work steadily, would be prepared by having met with it in the meantime for Clement of Alexandria, 115, b; Richardus de S. Victore, 200, b; and Arnaldus de Villa Nova, 224.

this grand volume is successively Solon, Salathiel, Suetonius, Bede, Gerson, Bernardus Compostellanus, and several other interesting persons. Curious problems might be framed requiring the common characteristics of the persons thus identified, as Hector, Homer, Mordecai, Terence, Joannes Scotus, and Franciscus Philelfus the grammarian, who inexorably shaved his Greek opponent, and whom most persons old enough to read the book might have known—or Agamemnon, Donatus the heretic, and Guido the musician—or Eli the priest, Virgil the poet, and Arius the heretic.

And “*tum civitatum*,”—what did the topographical reader think when he found the same picture representing Troy, *fol.* 36; Pisa, *fol.* 45, b; Toulouse, *fol.* 71, b; and Ravenna, *fol.* 145? If he was an Englishman, how must he have been mystified by finding this very same picture again set before him at *fol.* 289 to represent “Anglia”? or, if he was a Frenchman, what did he think of finding that the Paris of *fol.* 39, was increased more than one half by a side block to make it pass for Magdeburg at *fol.* 180?

Of course, what I am here speaking of are not peculiarities of this one book, but only particular examples of what was at that time, and

continued to be long afterwards, a common practice. In the edition of Fox's Martyrs, published more than a hundred years after the "Nuremberg Chronicle," one single wood-cut represents two different companies of *six* persons burned at Canterbury, p. 1533, 1787; beside other companies of *six* burned at Colchester, p. 1733; and Brentford, p. 1582; and a company of *seven* burned at Smithfield, p. 1849. In like manner, the *two* persons burned at Coventry, p. 1556; are the same as the *three* burned at Norwich, p. 1846; Margery Polley, p. 1524; and Cicely Ormes, p. 1835, are the same. One might have supposed that the picture of Bishop Farrer, p. 1413, was a portrait; but he has the picture only in common with Thomas Man, p. 747; Richard Feurus, p. 834; Richard Bayfield, p. 934; Thomas Iveson, p. 1528; Robert Samuel, p. 1547; and John Kurde, p. 1833. But the most comprehensive portrait is that which, beside taking its chance for "one Kirby," p. 1123, represents a dozen other persons in different parts of the book.

Now it may be said that all this is very plain; that when people read about a man they had a picture of a man, or of a town they had

a picture of a town, or of a martyr a picture of a martyr. I am very willing to accept this explanation for as much as it is worth, and as far as it goes. At the same time I confess myself unable fully to understand the state of mind which was edified or gratified by this mode of treatment.

There is, however, in the Sacred Art of this period, another point somewhat connected with the foregoing, but which I find it still more difficult to understand. As to what we have been hitherto speaking of, it is, of course, no great deviation "from vulgar and strict historical truth" to place a picture of a woman in flames, before the account of Cicely Ormes, as an illustration of what is contained in her history, for she was a woman, and she was burned. Neither do I see any great absurdity or mischief in that way which some early painters had of setting the whole story before you in one picture. Why should not Joseph ride along the Egyptian foreground in a lofty chariot attended by blackamoors and cupids, and also sit imprisoned in the background, and again yet farther back be sold in the wilderness of Dothan, and in the distance of Canaan stand encircled by bowing sheaves? Geographically

considered it is certainly rather absurd ; but otherwise I do not see that it is worse than if the painter had marked out his picture into window panes, and given each of those pieces of history its own particular frame. As a matter of taste I should certainly think this an improvement ; but it is not a point on which it would be worth while to quarrel with an artist.

One may, I say, imagine people tolerating all this ; and it must be remembered that we are not talking of the sublime and beautiful, but of what I may perhaps call moral and intellectual toleration. What then are we to say of a course which, it seems to me, must have been still more contrary to common sense. Let us again take a specimen from that great storehouse of art already referred to. The history of Joseph in the Nuremberg Chronicle is illustrated by a large cut representing the interior of a room. At that end of it which is on the spectator's left hand Pharaoh (I suppose it must be) is sitting. On a bench against the side of the room, and therefore opposite to the spectator sits a portly man whom I take to be Potiphar. Joseph stands out in the middle of the room addressing Pharaoh, and while so

engaged Potiphar's wife (the figure most to the right hand in the picture) is pulling him by the garment towards an open door in the right hand side of the room, through which is seen the interior of another apartment. We may, and I am convinced that we should, give the artist full credit for meaning nothing indelicate or wrong in any way, but one cannot help being curious to know what sort of person he was, what ideas he had of the history which he undertook to illustrate, and what was the general state of mind which rendered his works acceptable to the admirers and patrons of the fine arts.

It would, however, be impossible to do justice to this point without alluding to representations of other parts of Scripture History, familiar, I doubt not, to those who are acquainted with the works of the old masters. I know them chiefly as a frequent embellishment of manuscript or very early printed books of devotion; and while I entirely acquit the artists of all wrong intention, I have, perhaps, said enough to indicate that a particular discussion of their works would be more curious than useful.

While I have been preparing this Essay for

reimpression, a correspondence has arisen on the subject in a valuable and useful Periodical work of large circulation. I do not know to whom we are indebted for this, which is I hope only the beginning of a discussion that may call attention to the matter and elicit truth. Some correspondents of the Editor of "Notes and Queries" have noticed several things which may be presumed to be deviations "from strict and vulgar historical truth;" such as the representation of a Jewish elder in spectacles¹, and of the prophet Daniel in a peruke, a picture by Steenwyk representing our Lord as writing on the ground in the Dutch language². One of St. John the Baptist, "himself a child, adoring the infant Saviour and carrying a slight cross or flag with the motto 'Ecce Agnus Dei,' " and of Zebedee's children represented as boys of seven or eight years old. Two more instances of misrepresentation are said, by the same writer to have appeared in the works of living artists—one of Noah's sacrifice, in which unclean ducks are placed at the foot of the altar, while in the other the five wise and five foolish Virgins are increased into two sevens³.

¹ J. E. in No. 80. p. 369.

² G. T. R. in No. 87. 517.

³ P. P. in No. 96. p. 150.

I refer to these several statements thus particularly, in order to introduce and render more intelligible an extract from a general reply which is made to them all in a still more recent number of the work¹. The writer does not of course defend the absurdities mentioned by J. E. ; but he proceeds to say ;—

“I cannot, however, think that the instance given by G. T. R. in Vol. iii. p. 517, deserves to be placed in the same category: the subject is, The Woman taken in Adultery ; and G. T. R. complains of the anachronism of Steenwyk’s having represented our Saviour as writing on the ground in *Dutch*. But this is not necessarily the result of ignorance, and is justifiable on the ground of making the painting more intelligible to his countrymen. For the same reason the writing is often in Latin ; and, in fact, often as the subject has been painted, I do not recollect any instance of the proper language being used. In making the scene take place in a building of the architecture of the thirteenth century, Steenwyk has erred (if error it be) in company with the best Italian masters. Both Tintoretto and Paul Veronese engraft into

¹ B. H. C. in No. 106. Nov. 8, 1851, p. 369.

their paintings the architecture and other accessories of their own day. In Tintoretto's celebrated picture of the Marriage of Cana, the artist has made use of the drinking vessels and loaves of bread still used in Venice at the present day. In fact, if strict accuracy were contended for, not a single representation by the old masters of this subject, and of the Last Supper, would pass muster, as, according to the facts of the case, our Saviour and His disciples would not be sitting at a table, but reclining on the ground. But I think these liberties not only defensible, but that the artist's faculty of thus introducing successfully into his paintings the scenes passing before his eyes is often a great proof of his genius; and pictures often owe much of their power and reality to this very circumstance. Space, as well as time, is often annihilated not from ignorance or inadvertence, but purposely, and with the most happy results. Tintoretto, in a painting of the Entombment of Christ, has introduced the stable of Bethlehem in the background; thus finely contrasting the birthplace of Him who was found 'lying in a manger' with the fulfilment of the prophecy of His being 'with the rich in His death:' and such liberties both

of time and place are equally allowable in pictures of at all an imaginative character, the artist feeling that by sacrificing a minor and lower truth he can gain a higher, or make his subject appeal more to the sympathies of his spectators. The instance also noticed by P. P. in Vol. iv., p. 150, is no mistake, but a legitimate employment of a symbol: the cross or flag, with the motto, 'Ecce Agnus Dei,' soon became the recognised symbol of St. John the Baptist, and as such was generally used without reference to the exact time when the motto became strictly applicable. The same strict criticism which would disallow this licence, would require the Madonna to be always painted as a Jewess: but I cannot think that paintings are fairly liable to such close and prosaic scrutiny. P. P.'s instance of Zebedee's sons being represented as young children, is treading on more doubtful ground, and some great counterbalancing gain to the picture would alone justify such a bold alteration of facts; but if the subject be altogether treated in an allegorical manner, it might be defensible. His modern instances are, of course, sheer blunders, and cannot be too severely reprehended; and artists must always remember

that such liberties should never be taken, unless by these means some higher object is gained. Nor should modern painters expect the same indulgence, until they express in their works the same spirit of devotion, and simple child-like earnestness of feeling, which distinguish the early painters of the Italian Religious School."

So much is said on the subject in this, and in the next Essay, that I make no remarks on this letter; and only append it as the most modern, and at the same time the boldest and most startling statement which I have seen of the doctrine taught by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

ESSAY IV.

MATTER OF FACT.

SINCE the foregoing Essay was published I have read a pamphlet by Mr. Drummond¹, bearing so directly on the same subject, that I felt inclined to offer some remarks on it by way of continuation and addition to what I had already written. In attempting this, however, I have been led into a wider field than I intended, on this occasion, to enter upon ; so that it seems better to place the thoughts to which Mr. Drummond's work has led me to commit to writing, by themselves. And though this Essay

¹ A Letter to Thomas Phillips, Esq., R.A., on the connection between the Fine Arts and Religion, and the means of their Revival. By Henry Drummond, Esq. London : Fraser, 1840. 8vo. pp. 45.

is hastily, and I might almost say unexpectedly, committed to paper and the press, yet as it is only an expression of long-considered thoughts, I trust that I am guilty of no presumption, and am not without hope that the few brief suggestions which I offer with some diffidence—not of their truth or importance, but of my own power to render them intelligible, especially in the small space which I can afford them—may be of use to those who are disposed to pursue an enquiry which appears to me to be extremely interesting. If I do not tell the reader anything new, I may perhaps call his attention to things which he has not observed, remind him of what he has forgotten, and give him something to think about.

It may perhaps be remembered that the author of the Oxford Tract No. 89, in a passage which I have before quoted, complains, “how meanly even respectable persons allow themselves to think of the *highest sort* of poetry¹.” Mr. Drummond makes much the same complaint respecting the “highest department” of painting. “From the time of the Reformation,” he says, “well founded complaints have resounded on every side respecting the decline

¹ See before, p. 31.

of the arts ;” and, after some remarks on the origin and course of the Reformation, he proceeds ;—

“ Faith and devotion became extinct : in the Romish part, by a mass of wickedness, by superstitious observances, worship of dead men and women, &c. &c. ; and in the Protestant part, by the substitution of a religion of propositions for one of faith, of fatalism for duty, of self-sufficiency for obedience to God in His ordinances. Yet all were not equally bad : as England had been the foremost and longest to protest against and to endeavour to amend the abuses of the clergy, so did she preserve in her division a greater measure of faith and purity of doctrine than any other part of Christendom, retaining nearly all the truth which is found in the Papacy, unencumbered by the superstitions with which it is there smothered. Hither also fled whatever remained of the arts, and found a place in those quarters in which God was most honoured, namely, in the sanctuary of the domestic hearth, and in the admiration of country scenery. Perhaps you will hesitate to admit the justice of the remark, that portrait-painting is the lowest department of the art ; as surely it is, if we consider the highest department of the art and so far as respects the creative power of the painter ; but such merit as does belong to it has thriven in England in a far more conspicuous manner than any where else, and no other country can boast such a series of portrait-painters as Holbein, Vandyke, Sir Peter Lely, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Lawrence. In country scenery, also, the genius for landscape-gardening and landscape-painting is universal ; every cottage, house, garden, and park, is more or less adorned according to the good or bad taste of the owner ; and amidst the swarms of English travellers by which in the present days

foreign countries are infested, a very large proportion are able to take faithful representations of the scenes they visit ; whilst the immense number of landscape-paintings and drawings annually exhibited by professional artists prove the great demand for their works, and the assiduity of their labours.

“ But never has Protestantism produced any thing in the highest department of the art of painting. In vain will be sought any superhuman expression of purity, holiness, and sanctity in any Protestant painter. They may paint old men’s beards and magic effects of light like Rembrandt ; they may shew all the knowledge of drawing and of the mechanism of colouring that Rubens could produce ; yet who would ever think of looking into the faces of his *fraus*, or of his satyresses suckling their little cubs, with any feeling but that of disgust ! It is in vain that the Dutchmen have laboured as far as sentiment is sought for, though they are superior to all in their powers of finishing flowers, carrots, and cabbages, and in ruling lines to produce the effect of the interior of a church. I do not deny a merit to these painters, nor to their subjects ; there is merit in every thing, even in a woman without arms who cuts out watch-papers with her toes. Yet a taste for the Dutch and Flemish schools of painting is not noble ; it is the sort of taste which in dramatic writing would prefer a harlequin farce to Shakspeare.”

Again, after a few pages he says ;

“ For the most part the English in these days seem totally incapable of estimating or of understanding the highest branches of the fine arts. The finest specimens of easel-painting are indeed to be found in England, just as the finest jewels are to be found there ; the pictures are estimated according to the sum they cost : they are another means of ~~showing~~ forth that which every Englishman is at all times,

and in every way, fond of proclaiming with ostentation, namely, how much superior his wealth is to that of his neighbours. Nothing can be more amusing nor more characteristic than to walk into the sale-room of a collection of pictures in London, and to attend to the different observations of the artists and of the collectors. The conversation of the former is always about the merits of the picture ; what was the design of the painter, where he succeeded, and where he failed ; the perfection of its preservation, and where its injuries had been repaired by an able or by an unskilful hand. The conversation of the latter is invariably about its authenticity : if it be modern, then they do little beside find fault, for it requires no skill to blame, but to discover beauties requires some knowledge in the critic ; if it be ancient, they dispute whether it be really by the painter whose name it bears, or whether by one of the manufacturers of old pictures, with which London, as much as any other place, abounds. If it be a Flemish or Dutch picture, there will be a hundred competitors for one that would purchase a Perugino, or even an Onorio, although no painters ever produced (except Raphael) more heavenly countenances than these. It seems quite unintelligible how any one can like to have before him continually a representation of that which in the original would be disgusting."

After some further remarks on this point, which are so much to my purpose that nothing but the desire of brevity, and the fear of seeming to fill my pages with borrowed matter, would induce me to omit them—after stating that "it is idle to suppose that the *highest department* of the art of painting can ever be

encouraged whilst the taste of the public remains as it is,"—he says :—

"In your remark to which I have referred at the beginning of this letter, your benevolence has furnished an excuse for the English public which it cannot with justice plead. You say that whilst the Italians have the picture of a saint continually before them, the English have no such object of attraction. Every creed has its heroes, every sect has its saints. It is true that an English Evangelical will be horrified at the idolatry of the Papists who say their prayers before a picture of our Lady, or of Saint Francis ; but he will nevertheless stir up his piety by a portrait of "pious Mrs. Hannah More" and of "the great Mr. Scott." The Baptist and the Independent who will lament that Hannah and Scott were "in the bands of the Establishment," send forth their respective magazines with the effigy of some preacher of fame in their different sects. So far from this being reprehensible, the practice is most edifying and salutary. Eusebius expressly declares that he had in his time seen portraits of our Saviour and of the Apostles ; and there is no reason why we too should not revere the portraits of those who have served God in the latter, as well as in the former generations of men. There is just as much love of saints, and of devotion to the memory of the departed heroes of religion, in England, as there is of love and devotion to anything that does not flatter personal pride. These favourite preachers are the saints of the parties to which they belonged ; and it would be just as easy to have some remarkable scene in their lives portrayed as merely their ordinary features ; and it would seem as if such scene would answer every purpose that the portrait does (and many more besides), of exciting the admiration of the beholder for the memory of the departed hero. Thus

the same feeling which in the Popish countries calls for the historical painting of the acts of its admired object, calls in England for nothing but the miserable head which is supposed to adorn some obscure journal."

These copious extracts will, I think, put the reader fairly in possession of Mr. Drummond's feelings and opinions, so far as I have occasion to refer to them in these pages. For my own part, I cannot but wonder that a writer so acute and well informed, should have said so much on these points without having, either in those passages which I have extracted, or (so far as I see) in any other part of his work, adverted to that which appears to offer an obvious explanation of what he seems to consider as strange and unaccountable.

What are the facts which Mr. Drummond alleges—and alleges very truly, I dare say; for I do not dispute his superior information, and am not quoting his statements to contradict them—what are the facts simply considered as matters of fact? that the "highest department" of the art of Painting declined from the time of the Reformation, that since that time England has had most purity of faith and doctrine, and the best portrait-painters, and such genius and such love for landscape-painting

that artists exhibit immense numbers of such subjects, while a great proportion of travelling amateurs can sketch for themselves; that protestantism has produced nothing in the "highest department" of painting, that it has copied in an exemplary manner (as to knowledge of drawing, and mechanism of colouring) old men's heads, effects of light and shade, Dutch *fraus*, flowers, carrots, cabbages, and cold hard churches; that while artists discuss the merits, collectors talk about the authenticity, of pictures, that there will be an hundred competitors for a Flemish or Dutch picture, where there is one bidder for a Perugino, that English Evangelicals, Baptists, and Independents, will (in spite of nature and art) have pictures of pious women, and embellish their magazines with heads of famous preachers.

I repeat, that I do not quote these statements with the purpose of contradicting them; and let me add, that I have not strung them together in this curt unceremonious way with any feeling of disrespect, or any design of doing injustice to Mr. Drummond's argument. My only object in it is, to furnish a sort of index, and draw the reader's attention to what has been already laid before him at full length in

the author's own words. When they are thus nakedly stated, is it not clear, that all these facts, heterogeneous as they may appear at first sight, have in some sense a common character, and are strung on one thread which runs through them all? It seems to have escaped Mr. Drummond, but surely it has struck the reader that all these things are characterized by some mark of a tendency towards truth, reality, or verisimilitude?

Perhaps there are persons who stir up their piety by pictures of Mrs. More and Mr. Scott; but they would be the first persons to scout the *pictures* if they did not believe them to be *likenesses*. It would be pleasant to see Mr. Drummond presenting a portrait of Mrs. More, or Mr. Scott, to a devotee of this class, who had never seen either original or picture. He is quite aware that the first question would be "Is it a good likeness?"; and how surprised the "English Evangelical" would be if he answered, "Probably as good as Giulio Romano's Elizabeth, or Raphael's Elymas; but what has that to do with it?" Perhaps the Evangelical might meekly answer, "I should only value it for its likeness," and the pitying connoisseur would be too polite to reply. On the same

ground, it is because (one is sorry to say it of some of them) they are *likenesses*, that the pictures of Baptist and Independent ministers have been prefixed to Magazines¹. In short what is it but its being the "vera effigies" that leads to any portrait being prefixed to a book? And, after all that may be said to the vulgar about general-expression images and pictures, and swallowed by them until they care, as little as they know, whom they are worshipping, what is there more honoured, more holy, more sacredly enshrined in the very heart of Rome than the VERONICA? Only let Giulio Romano

¹ I think I saw very long ago (but I think it was not in a Magazine) a picture of an eminent Baptist minister, with a motto which expressed in rhyme, if not in "the highest sort of poetry," just what I have been saying in prose. I believe the lines were these ;—

"If pictured likeness can thy bosom soothe
Behold, it lives, it breathes, 'tis Abraham Booth."

If I remember right there was nothing in the subject to make one wish that "more of the man had artfully been saved," though the picture might have better pleased the admirers of the great style "had Nanteuil painted, or Vertue engraved." Still, such as it was, I should not wonder if some looks, perhaps some tears, of respect and affection fell on it. Perhaps there were some kindred, or if not some of the poor and desolate of Christ's flock whom he had taught and comforted, ready to breathe "Oh ! that those lips had language ;" even heavily, as one that mourned for his mother.

persuade them that the figures in his Holy Family are likenesses, and even stupid matter-of-fact Protestants will rush forward to bid.

But who could expect the artist to tell this secret if he knew it? even if he knew likewise that it would raise the price of his picture to incalculable pounds, shillings, and pence? This stupid *reality* would sink his immortal work into "the *lowest* department of art" — the "highest department" would drop into the bathos of portrait-painting. O miserable Giulio, condemned to the admiration of gross people who buy Mrs. More's picture because it is like her, and gaze at Gerard Dow's old woman, because it is like nature, and, in simple ignorance of the grand style, enrich the "face-painters¹," shout with the poet "Blest be the art that can immortalize," and press grim photographs to their hearts, "Because," say they, "we *know* that they must be *LIKE*." Poor things! they know no better: *quæsi vi vultum tabulis* is their base motto.

But not to be tedious in details on this point — will the reader take the trouble just to turn

¹ "He took me for a face-painter!" said a late eminent artist, with a fierce oath, while describing an interview which he had had with a dull gentleman of the Gerard Dow persuasion who had applied to him to paint his portrait.

back, and again glance through the list of alleged facts which I have collected. Will he judge for himself whether they do not, when viewed in the light which I have suggested, harmonize with each other, and with the feelings and natural inclinations of people who, for some reason or other, have a predilection for matter of fact—that is for the real, over the imaginative.

I believe indeed that this enquiry respecting Sacred Art, has led us to trench upon a much deeper and wider subject—one to which, even if this were the place to attempt it, I should feel myself quite unable to do justice. Still as I think the matter before us cannot be satisfactorily discussed without some reference to it, I will venture to offer a few brief and desultory hints rather by way of suggesting subjects for reflection to the thoughtful reader, than as pretending to lay down the law myself.

There has been much talk about the March of Intellect—much dispute about its causes and consequences, its advantages and disadvantages, its reality in some matters, and its rate of progress in others—but there is one point on which there cannot be two opinions—without any doubt, that which is commonly and popularly understood by the phrase has made progress,

and is going on. Every body is being cultivated, or is cultivating himself, or somebody else, or in some way contributing his share towards cultivating the whole world for all time to come. And it is a truth very well worthy of notice as a fact, that the human intellect thus cultivated and stimulated, elevated, enlightened, or what you will, has *not* so much set itself to enterprise lofty flights in high departments of the imaginative, but has in a very business-like manner turned to that which is indeed its proper and highest business—the investigation of truth—the search after the real in all things.

I am not saying that this, though legitimate, has been always done wisely, or even with good intention. Neither do I mean to decide how far by this, which is in some points of view a real improvement and advantage, the human intellect compensates, or atones for, such losses and injuries as are occasioned by its undue exaltation. I am not speaking of the happiness, or virtue, of mankind, or of human nature becoming better or worse, or of one's duty to attempt to forward or to check one thing or another. I speak only of what I believe to be a matter of fact—namely, that if you look back through the period which is supposed to have

been peculiarly characterized by the march of intellect—through, perhaps, we may laxly say half or three-quarters of a century—you will see that in its progress it has set itself to seek after truth, and attached itself to that which (of course in many cases, erroneously) it believed to be *real*—you will perceive that, not fiercely or abruptly, except perhaps in some local and temporary outbreaks—not even rudely, but gradually, and with the tender politeness of cooling passion—public taste and opinion in all civilized nations has turned from the *imaginative*, not merely in the “highest sort” of poetry, and the “highest department” of painting, but in most or all things, to discover and attach itself to the *real*.

Let us see how this is exemplified in a few cases; and, first of all, in the art of which Mr. Drummond writes. I believe that what he says is true, that modern collectors commonly admire and covet, and modern painters commonly paint, realities. Indeed such enquiries as I have been able to make, lead me to believe that, not only what may be called sacred, religious, or devotional, but allegorical, emblematical, and poetical painting of every kind, has very much gone out of fashion; and that a great propor-

tion of the educated world (not merely a swinish multitude of feeders on haggis and whiskey) has come to turn coldly from imaginations of unknown persons, legendary saints, heathen gods and goddesses, nymphs and fauns, indeed all allegorical, mythical, unreal persons and scenes, to representations of the real.

That I might be the better able to form an opinion on this point, I applied to a friend who is much better informed than myself on all such subjects. He suggested a reference to the Catalogues of the Royal Academy Exhibitions, and was kind enough to look through a good many of them, and to send me the result of his search. Before I offer this to the reader I must give an extract from the note which accompanied it. Without this the statement would hardly be intelligible, and it would be scarcely fair in me to publish it.

He says, "The first column of this analysis of the alternate years of the Royal Academy shews all that is taken from poetic sources. History, for example, as pourtrayed in drama, but excluding mere dramatic portraits. The second Historical and Sacred. But when I got as far as 1797 it struck me how very few works were Emblematical or Allegorical, save

as Mythology gave them their character. Accordingly I made a separate column for every work where the artist endeavoured to express an abstract idea of *his own*, *e. g.*, Russia trampling on the sword of France. Magdalenes, Holy Families, &c., are included in the History column. I should add that it is very questionable whether any two persons going through the catalogues would give the same results. I have often questioned whether 'Phaëton' must not have been a race horse, and whether 'A Nymph,' 'Venus,' and so on, ought to be considered as Academy figures or goddesses; but such as I have made them I hope they may be of use."

The calculations which my friend was kind enough to make, have confirmed the opinion which I had formed on my own very imperfect observation. For our present purpose it will be sufficient to give only a part of them, marking the progress of things during each decade of years since the formation of the Academy. It will also save the reader some trouble, and it will adapt the statement more completely to our immediate object, if I add together in one sum the numbers which my friend has assigned to three separate classes which he thus dis-

tinguishes:—1. “Allegorical and Emblematical.” 2. “Poetical, Mythological, and Dramatic.” 3. “Historical and Sacred;” and compare them with the remainder, which forms his class 4. “Realities, or intended for such, Architecture, &c.” I do this the rather because he states that his “Historical and Sacred” include “Magdalenes, Holy Families, &c.,” which my view of things would of course consign to the imaginative class. It will be obvious, that if I err in doing this, the error will only tell against my own argument; for I should be increasing the sum of what I should call “imaginative” pictures, and decreasing that of those which my friend characterizes as “Realities,” &c. The account will then, I believe, stand thus—that is, the *three* classes just enumerated did—

in 1779	furnish	61	pictures out of	410
— 1789	—	70	—	621
— 1799	—	69	—	1118
— 1809	—	58	—	887
— 1818 ¹	—	51	—	1117
— 1829	—	71	—	1223
— 1839	—	105	—	1390

¹ I do not know how it happened that this year was reported instead of 1819; but I imagine that it makes no difference.

More than another decade of years has now elapsed ; and I am sorry that I have not the means of adding the numbers for 1849. What I do give must, however, be considered only as approximations ; and the exact numbers, as has been already frankly acknowledged, all of them are open to dispute. But as to the general inference there can be no doubt. The *proportion* of what is here called the imaginative class for the year 1779 is rather more (the merest fraction, but still rather more) than *twice* that for the year 1839. It is likely that there may be circumstances unknown to me by which this proportion between the two years may be altered ; but that the difference between them should be altogether accounted for, without supposing some alteration of taste, seems in the highest degree improbable.

A subsequent application to the same friend, in which I more plainly developed the purpose that induced me to trouble him, led to his making some remarks which I take the liberty to transcribe, only putting letters (not real initials) to stand for names, as I do not offer these remarks by way of criticism on individual artists, but merely as a testimony corroborating and illustrating, on one point, the view which

I am maintaining. He says, "What strikes me as the great point in modern art is this—every artist who has risen to fame within the last twenty-five years has done so by the expression of some one truth in nature not so well observed by any one before. This he has done sometimes in connexion with, and sometimes in wide departure from general truthfulness; but his character has been made, not by the falsehood, but by the truth. A——'s air space and perspective, B——'s dewy grass and leafage, C——'s marvellous insight into the characters and feelings of dogs, &c., D——'s fruit and flowers, shew the appreciation of unobserved or imperfectly noticed truths—the first in connexion with much extravagance and caprice, the second with a very limited range of objects, and those of a humble class, the third combined with many high, but few of the highest excellencies, the fourth with a seeming unconsciousness as to whether that of which he presented every modulation of light, shade, and colour in a way never surpassed, was itself beautiful or ugly, worthy or utterly unworthy of the pains taken; E——'s woodlands, F——'s flesh, G——'s down scenery, have all the marks of a truth which whatever else of false there

may be in the picture, strikes a practised eye as *truer* than anything it rests on elsewhere."

I believe that much of what has been said of Painting applies equally to Sculpture. As to our metropolis, very little addition has been made for some time past to the few remains of emblematical and allegorical ornament which have been permitted to remain. We have witnessed the setting up of graven images and molten images, representing to the life many illustrious persons—Lord Nelson, the Duke of York, the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Bedford, Mr. Canning, and others probably, whose names do not occur to me. All these, I believe, are not only mere representations or likenesses of real persons, but they are nearly, if not quite, destitute of allegorical or emblematical ornaments.

With my view of the matter, I have of course been interested in a recent discussion respecting the setting up of a memorial to our first English printer Caxton. A statue was proposed; but it was objected that we have no data on which to form an idea of his person. This objection appears to me very natural; and it will, I doubt not, prove fatal to that mode of commemoration. At the same time

we may fairly suppose that thousands would say, "Oh! never mind—you have quite as good data as you would have for St. George and his dragon;" and the true votaries of the great style would add, "You may think yourselves lucky in not being fettered by knowledge which might raise cavils among the Gerard Dow men. Suppose we had data proving that Caxton was humpbacked and bandy legged, there are people with analogous deformity of taste, who would be scandalized at your doing for him, what Raphael did for St. Paul¹."

¹ See Notes and Queries for Aug. 30, 1851, and the succeeding numbers. The editor, referring to both the Caxton and Chaucer Memorials which had been proposed, says—"The projectors of the former had, indeed, in the necessity of settling what the Caxton Memorial should be, to encounter, at the very outset of their undertaking, one difficulty from which the Chaucer Committee was free; and the uncertainty whether it should assume the form of the symbolical 'lamp and fountain' so poetically suggested by the Dean of St. Paul's, or the ideal cast-iron statue of the Coalbrook Dale Company, may have had a sinister effect upon the Subscription List.

"Between the suggestive symbol and the fancy portrait there would seem to be little room for hesitation, since the former would merely veil a truth, while the latter would perpetuate a falsehood." And he adds on the next page (vol. iv. p. 146) a letter signed J. H. M., indicating that it came, as the editor very justly states, "from a correspondent whose smallest suggestion deserves, as it will be sure to receive, the respectful attention of all who have the pleasure of knowing his high personal character and great acquirements." I need

There is however a circumstance connected with one of the modern works of art just mentioned which is worthy of notice. I mean that of Lord Nelson at Charing Cross. When *the* Monument was erected in memory of the great fire of London, it was ornamented with a large bas-relief. The details of it I do not recollect, and from the only source of information which I have at hand, I obtain but a general statement that it was emblematical of the events which the column was erected to commemorate. On the other hand I am told that the Nelson Pillar has (or is to have) four bas-reliefs, representing—not Fame, or Victory, or Britannia, or Neptune, or Peace, or War, or any such matters; but—as far as such a thing can be, in plain verisimilitude, in hard truth as sharp and rigid and unpolished as the metal in which it is embodied—four scenes connected with the Hero. His victories at the Nile, at St. Vincent's, at Copenhagen, and his death on the deck of his

not say how much satisfaction I felt at seeing that it contained the following passage. “If the statue be raised, which should not present a *bonâ fide* resemblance to our celebrated printer, it would be worse than valueless—something like an imposture; and it would have as little connexion with Caxton as the statue in St. Peter's bears to the great Apostle, though called by his name.”

own ship at Trafalgar. I mention this, not as affecting either to praise or blame, but merely as illustrating what I have said of the turn which taste has taken in such matters. Might not something like it be said of monuments in churches?

And after having one's attention turned to the state of public taste in regard to this point, who can help asking what has become of the graven images that used to adorn our gardens? They seemed to be an indigenous or aboriginal part of the scene. Only yesterday I took up a volume of old pamphlets, and opened on Arne's once popular opera of *Love in a Village*, which begins "Act I. Scene 1. A garden with *statues*, fountains, and flowerpots," &c. In my youth the garden belonging to my father's house was adorned with marble statues of Jupiter, Venus, Cupid, as large as life, to say nothing of some minor deities. They had been there, I imagine, ever since the time when they were advertised in the *Spectator* as among the ornaments of the place¹. What has become of them I know

¹ A house to be let with "large Gardens and Courtyard, walled in, well planted and adorn'd with *Statues* and *Greens*, and well water'd," &c. The advertisement will be found appended to the *Spectator*, No. XXII. for March 26, 1711.

not, but I suspect that if Jupiter Tonans kept his ground long enough for such a catastrophe he has lately been run over by a new street. Where are those delightful creatures with crook and lambkin (as unreal personages as Jupiter and Venus) who used to adorn the cit's country box, or the suburban Tea Garden? I do not know whether Vauxhall is still ornamented, as it was less than a century ago, with the "marble statue of the famous Mr. Handel in the character of Orpheus [no great compliment to the *sylvestres homines* who had just paid their money at the door] done by the celebrated Roubiliac;" but I suppose it no longer rejoices in the contemporary ornament (perhaps it might be only a bas-relief or a picture) of "St. Cecilia the goddess of music, playing on the violoncello, which is supported by a Cupid, while another holds before her a piece of music¹."

It is perhaps inverting the usual order of things, to propose going from Vauxhall to the Play; but it is so long since I have been at either, that I may be forgiven; and indeed I know not what changes may have taken place. At all events, in our present enquiry, some

¹ See *Gent. Mag.* for Aug. 1765; from which I add some further particulars in Note B.

notice must be taken of the Drama. I am unacquainted with details; but I suppose it is agreed on all hands that the Theatre has lost its hold upon the public. The great increase of population would have led us to expect, especially in the metropolis, new playhouses, more crowded audiences, and a greater number of eminent authors and actors. But playgoing (which must be the foundation of all) has not kept pace with Population, and the March of Intellect. It has notoriously declined; and, from what I hear, I am led to suppose that we may consider what used to be called "the legitimate Drama" as nearly or quite extinct—so far, I mean, as acting for public amusement of the higher classes is concerned.

I believe that there is nothing like paradox in saying that the decline and fall of the Drama began with, and from, what may be very properly called its reformation. The managers and actors who spoiled Julius Cæsar of his long wig and red stockings, and the Grecian daughter of her hoop and ruffles, as well as the public who admired the change, might seem to be actuated by good taste and common sense; and so they were as far as their view extended. It might even be, if their object was only to make

things last their own time, the best line of policy which they could adopt. But I do not believe that this entered into their considerations. I suspect the truth to have been that the managers, actors, and playgoers, had all begun to feel, and without knowing it they were creating, and fostering, in others, a taste for the real. But then the art which they endeavoured to realize was not calculated to stand the trial to which they exposed it, and sunk under the trial. To bring Nature on the stage was to sap the foundation of Art. This was gradual and scarcely perceptible amidst obvious improvements, and the pleasure derived from the novelty of real acting—acting what men felt to be real. For some time, while the taste which they had been brought up to and had enjoyed—while remnants and recollections of the old system—lingered, men saw in the actors of Murphy, Colman, Sheridan, &c., nothing but “nature to advantage drest.” But it wore out. Not from defect of talent in writers, or expense in managers, or skill in performers, but in the natural course of things—because the age of make-believe was over. The child that has come to be fastidious about the features of its dolls will soon throw them away

altogether; too probably for more dangerous playthings—but that is not the point immediately before us. It is enough to say that Timour the Tartar over-ran the stage with real horses, that melodrama, spectacle, and pantomime continued to attract some when the more highly educated and cultivated part of society had dropped away. It is not late dinners; it is not that people have grown wiser. If that were all, I fear there are people enough to fill all the theatres in England, who would be foolish enough to do anything which they considered diverting. It is—I believe—that in all things the minds of men have taken another form and direction, and that (however else they may be employed) they are alienated from this species of amusement.

From the Drama it is natural to go on to Poetry. I have already quoted the complaint of the author of the Oxford Tract on this point. I have no doubt, from his testimony, that even respectable persons allow themselves to think meanly of the highest sort of poetry¹. I have no doubt that he was well informed, and said only the truth; and I should imagine that matters have not (in his view) much mended

¹ See before, p. 31.

since he wrote. For my own part, I am aware that I am less likely to know the state of the poetical world, in my present circumstances, than I was in my younger days; and it will be understood that I do not speak of comparative excellence, but merely of quantity—of demand and supply. I hear some names, and hear them, as they are mentioned, with real respect; but I do not hear so many, or hear them so often, as when the contemporary names of Scott, Byron, Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Rogers, Campbell, Moore, Montgomery, Crabbe, used daily to meet the eye.

I did mean under this head to have made a few remarks on the state of classical literature: but while actually writing this essay, the Oxford List of Honours has come out without any first class at all. What such a thing means, or portends, I do not know. It seems however to me that it renders it either unnecessary or improper for me to say anything. If the defect of classical learning is such that there is no undergraduate found fit to be glorified in that which is *the* glory of the place, that settles the question one way; if on the other hand the examiners are now so severe that what satisfied their predecessors will not satisfy them,

so extortionate that even the most devoted student of the classics cannot stand before them, that will go far to settle it the other way.

I will therefore only add one general remark on this point. I very much doubt whether the "seventh form" is kept up; and whether in the next generation any such class will be found. It has been my good fortune for a great many years, to associate with men incomparably better scholars in Latin and Greek, and more familiar with classical learning, than myself; but I do not remember that I ever, either from my visits to them as a friend, or their applications to me as a librarian, had ground for believing that they ever read one line in the classics as a matter of pleasure or amusement, or for any purpose except those of tutor or pupil, or to verify some particular passage. I do not mean to say that they would not have found great beauty in them, and have been perfectly well able to appreciate it, or in any way to blame them—indeed I am far from thinking it impossible that most of them were better employed—but I mention the fact as a symptomatic alteration of taste among educated men¹.

¹ The ink with which I wrote the above lines had scarcely dried when a friend who had no idea of what I had been do-

In the mean time, if the Classics are less read, they have been made incomparably easier to read, and better worth reading, by critical editions, and every species of apparatus. But why should I speak of this? Look at the state of literature in general; and observe that which, while it is a wonderful phenomenon in itself, perhaps causes, or perhaps is caused by, or perhaps only helps to account for, a distaste for poetry—or at least I may say a neglect of it. See what machinery, what combinations of men and money, what labour of the intellect and the hand, have been brought into play during the last forty (chiefly the last twenty) years for searching out general, national, local, personal, History, Antiquities—all things that have really been, or under whatever name, *matter of fact*.

For let it be remembered—to reflecting readers such remarks may seem trite and common-place; but, for the sake of others, I do not like to omit the suggestion—that whatsoever God has allowed to exist, or to be done,

ing, read out the anecdote which Isaac Walton tells of Hooker—how his pupils found him tending his sheep in a common-field with Horace in his hand. Has the reader often found his friends so occupied even when he went to see them in well-furnished libraries?

is an eternal fact—that it has become a part of everlasting and immutable Truth—that nothing subsequent can alter it—that, if we had the power to analyse any one such fact, we should find it to be as a tree “whose seed is in itself,” the produce of the past, and the cause of the future, joined to both, as well as to the present, by a thousand ties; invisible, perhaps, but true, effectual, and indissoluble. As the result, there exists a state of things which is Historic Truth—a great fabric, filling all space, fashioned as time goes on from everlasting to everlasting, growing up to infinity by ceaseless and imperishable increase—in all its minute details, as well as in the boundless majesty of the whole, the work of Him who is building it according to His will, asking no counsel, needing no help, unknown except as He reveals Himself, understood only as He gives understanding. Surely this “city of the great King” may furnish scenes more glorious and excellent than the mountains of prey which man’s imagination has to offer—surely it were more likely to reach, and raise man to, heaven, than the Babel Tower of Fancy and man’s device. It seems as if an inward voice of guidance had in all ages bade man go round about her, and tell the

towers thereof, mark well her bulwarks and consider her palaces, that he might tell it to the generation following—and as if the answer of every wise and understanding and grateful heart, as soon as by God's help it has mastered its infirmity of great styles and vain glory, must be, "I will remember the Years of the Right Hand of the Most High. I will remember the works of the Lord: surely I will remember Thy Wonders of Old. I will meditate also of all Thy work, and talk of Thy doings." But we are getting into matter of opinion—perhaps of controversy. Let us return to matter of fact, and fear to tamper with it.

How many other societies, beside those to which I have alluded—how many Societies not generally as to their objects, or calling themselves, Antiquarian or Archæological, have arisen during the same time for the purpose of printing unpublished MSS. or reprinting old books; and whatever failures may have happened in some few cases—arising in a great degree from the sudden demand for editors, and the attempts of men who did not very well know either what they were undertaking, or what they were able to do—speaking generally, with whatever exceptions and counterbalances, what

unprecedented care has been taken to render the publications of these Societies critically correct; to discover, and verify, and illustrate, everything relating to the work, however insignificant or even worthless, that work might be¹.

And why should we be surprised at the degree of care and exactness now required from the editors of old books, and authors of new books, relating to matter of fact, when our very novels and works of fiction are daily becoming more and more reflections of real life, and are bound to be as true as in the nature of things they can be? Thousands who would yawn over the *Mysteries of Udolpho* are delighted with *Vanity Fair*; not because it is clever, for

¹ Take the following names as they occur to me, the English Historical, Parker, Camden, Cambridge Camden, Anglo-Catholic, Irish Archæological, Ælfric, Shakespere, Percy, Woodroffe, Calvin, Roxburghe, Abbotsford, Bannatyne, Arundel, Chetham, Hakluyt, Cavendish, Celtic, Surtees, Ray, Maitland, Spalding, Sydenham. Perhaps some of these are imaginary, that is, were only projected; and perhaps I have omitted others which ought to be mentioned. Of some which are named, however, I know only the names; and I shall not be understood as giving any opinion either on the merits of their publications, or on the modes of publication which they have introduced, or which (more strictly speaking) they are. However incorrect this list may be, I think it offers singular and strong evidence on the point which it is given to illustrate.

comparatively few of them, I suspect, can fathom either the wit or the wisdom of the author, but because it is real. To get away from those mysteries of the school of romantic fiction, and still more to find ourselves among Scott's Historical Novels was a great step in the matter of fact direction. But whatever the peculiar merits of those novels may do for them, or some of them, individually, does it not seem as if that species of composition had had its day? Listen to a voice which has just issued from the midst of our Rolls and Records;—"HISTORICAL NOVELS ARE MORTAL ENEMIES TO HISTORY." Why it seems only yesterday that people were congratulating themselves, and one another, and especially the rising generation, on the pleasant and flowery path that was opened to the exact and edifying knowledge of history. Even the strictest prohibition of novel reading gave way in favour of these works, which afforded so much more interesting and graphic a view of persons and things than the regular Histories. It was quite delightful. But in this, as in some other things, people have become fastidious; and the plain words which I have quoted from the writer, who, perhaps of all others, has a

claim to be heard when he makes such a denunciation, is rather ominous; and indeed a very little reflection may suffice to convince us that the same taste which calls for history instead of invention, will require exact truth, where it is to be had, instead of even prettier and more amusing misrepresentation¹.

I have been already so prolix that I will here but briefly mention one point on which I intended to have spoken more in detail, for it appears to me to offer a singular confirmation of the opinion which it is the object of this Essay to maintain. Let me ask the reader to consider what has been going on of late years in the various branches of Natural Philosophy? I do not invite him to look at this part of the subject scientifically, for perhaps neither of us

¹ As an illustration of his sentence, Sir Francis Palgrave gives this pleasing character of one of Sir Walter's novels, belonging to a period respecting which the knowledge of the author and the critic cannot be for a moment put in comparison—"Ivanhoe is all of a piece—language, characters, incidents, manners, thoughts, are out of time, out of place, out of season, out of reason, ideal or impossible.—When, on the waters of the gentle Don, there glided the Swan with two necks; then, Gurth, with the brass collar soldered round his *one*, so tight as to be incapable of being removed excepting by the use of the file, tended swine in the woodlands of Rotherham."—*History of Normandy and England*, vol. I. Pref. p. xxxv.

may be competent to do that. I am not pretending to be scientific; neither do I refer to the great discoveries of late years, or the still greater which may be expected. I only wish to call attention to the greater exactness of all systems, the greater accuracy of all processes, the minute, definite, and nicely discriminating, classification and nomenclature, in short (if I may so speak) the whole way of doing business in the scientific world. Science is impatient of a name which does not carry an analysis, or at least a history, with it. If none is to be had, it is forced to be content with what expresses some indisputable characteristic. It talks, indeed, reluctantly of Galvanism and Electricity, as regular doctors prescribe James's powder, because it knows not what the things are, and the names are true as far as they go, but the poetry of science is gone. Chemistry has not only lost its quackery, and its rainbow colours

"Of the pale Citron, the green Lion, the Crow,
The Peacock's tail, the plumed Swan,

and all the designed mystery of Alchemy, but it has renounced even red lead and white lead—"plomb rouge" is as unheard of in England now, as it was in France when Priestley went

there—it has no Aqua Regia or Aqua Fortis, no Sal Polychrest or Salt of Tartar, no flowers of brimstone, or imagination, or of any kind—unhappy Chlorine, for instance, successively stripped of its sesquipedalian titles by French and English science, was condemned by Sir Humphry to announce itself to the world as (what indeed all the world sees it to be) something green; and at that point it has stuck ever since. In real Flowers, too, what poetry has been superseded by definitive truth? Who can doubt that my excellent and accomplished friend who “rambles in search of wild flowers,” and weaves them into wreaths that would do honour to any conservatory¹, could furnish, on the shortest notice, and from the moors of Devonshire alone, a garland of little wildlings with greek and latin names as long as their stalks²? As to living things

“All beasts of th’ earth, *once* wild, and of all chace
In wood or wilderness, forest or den,”

have tamely walked out of the zoological gardens of imagination into the separate cells

¹ See Chambers’s Journal from May 1851.

² We may form some idea of the zeal and careful discrimination which is being employed on the subject, when

which Science has allotted them. So of other sciences—but the reader will easily carry out the details if he is so disposed.

I have already perhaps said more than the immediate occasion demanded; though, as I stated¹, I felt it necessary to take some notice of a subject so deep, so momentous, and to my own mind so awful, that any attempt to discuss it in a brief superficial essay—and that merely with a view to explain or illustrate one or two of its less important phenomena—would be ridiculous. It has been my endeavour to make myself intelligible; but still I am not without some fear of being misunderstood, and I would add a few plain words to prevent, as far as I can, the possibility of misinterpretation.

I have said that the roused and stimulated intellect of man is directed to, and earnestly engaged in, the search after truth. But he will greatly err who takes for granted that this is a demonstration, or an effect, of the love of truth. we find the authoress saying with regard to a single tribe of wild flowers, "Klotsch reckoned 3545 species of this wonderful family as known at the close of 1848, and doubtless multitudes more have since been discovered."—More since the 3545—yes, *multitudes* more—yes, *doubtless* multitudes, between the end of 1848 and the middle of 1851. *Cham. Jour.*, No. 393. p. 26.

¹ See before, p. 107.

It may, or it may not, be. The knight errant seeks his mistress through perils of flood and forest, but with equal devotion and perseverance the assassin dogs his victim. When the pack is in full cry, and the field in motion, we know too much of the nature and instincts, and impulses of the parties concerned, to suppose that all of them are moved by pure love to the object of the chase.

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ESSAY V.

THE FULNESS OF THE GENTILES.

IF a person possessing a general, but not a very exact, knowledge of the rest of the Scriptures, were, for the first time, to read the eleventh chapter of St. Paul's epistle to the Romans, he would probably suppose "the fulness of the Gentiles," mentioned in v. 25, to be something of which the Apostle had previously spoken, or which was (from some cause or other) already known to those whom he was addressing. He is telling them, and he is doing so by way of explanation, "that blindness in part is happened to Israel until the *fulness of the Gentiles* be come in." He does not treat the phrase itself as one needing any explanation; he only refers to the thing which it sig-

nifies as a known and expected event, which might be looked upon as a mark of the time when the partial blindness of Israel might be expected to cease.

Further—supposing such a reader to have only the common and popular notion of the “Gentiles”—that is the notion entertained by most Christians in the present day, which considers the word “Gentile” as equivalent to “Heathen,” and applicable only to people and nations not descended from, or at all connected with, the patriarch Abraham—supposing him, I say, so to understand the word, he would scarcely be prepared for the Apostle’s conclusion. He would probably have been under the impression that the Apostle was making a statement to this effect,—“The seed of Abraham, or a part of them, are in a state of blindness; and that blindness will continue until the conversion of the Heathen shall have taken place; that conversion of the Heathen, however, will in due time take place; and *so*”—what? such a reader would expect the Apostle to proceed “*so* both those who are, and those who are not, the seed of Abraham will be saved.” But that is not what the Apostle does say; his conclusion is that “*so*” (not merely

then, but thus, thereby, and in that way, οὕτω) *all* Israel (not Israel and the Heathen) shall be saved.

Perhaps it may be right here to notice an idea which is likely to arise in the minds of some readers, who have been accustomed to a very lax use of the words Israel, Judah, and Zion, to signify the whole Church, the whole body of the elect, consisting of all mankind without distinction. To meet this we must refer to the context, and the circumstances, of the Epistle; and observe that the Apostle is professedly explaining a mystery concerning "Israel"—that he begins the chapter by describing himself as "an Israelite of the seed of Abraham"—and that if by "Israel" in v. 25 we understand "the seed of Abraham," it must be some very extraordinary and urgent necessity that will excuse our understanding it otherwise in the next verse. The effect of the statement seems clearly to be, "Blindness *in part* is happened *to Israel*, and it will continue till the fulness of the Gentiles shall be come in; when that event has happened *all Israel* (surely the same Israel that is now partially blind, whatever, or whoever, that *Israel* may be) shall be saved."

It does therefore seem, though some readers might not be prepared to expect it, as if the "fulness of the Gentiles" was an integral part required to make up the whole number of "Israel"—as if that number must be imperfect without it. What then is that "fulness," and to what does the Apostle refer?

Let us look back to the history of him who first bore the name of ISRAEL; and we shall see that when Joseph brought his sons to receive their grandfather's blessing, the patriarch placed his right hand on the head of Ephraim the younger of the two, and his left hand on that of Manasseh the first-born; and replied to the remonstrance of Joseph by saying, "I know it my son, I know it: he also shall become a people, and he also shall be great: but truly his younger brother shall be greater than he, and his seed shall become a *multitude of nations*¹." חרעו יהיה מלא הגוים. Instead of "multitude" the margin of our Bible, more literally and correctly, gives "fulness;" and we might perhaps truly say that the מלא הגוים of the Patriarch, and the πλήρωμα τῶν ἔθνων of the Apostle, cannot be properly represented

¹ Gen. xlviii. 19.

in English, except by the very same words. Do they mean one and the same thing?

It seems highly probable that they do; and that St. Paul meant to allude to, and indeed to quote, the prophecy of Jacob. We cannot doubt that the predicted *כלא דגויים* (both the phrase, and its meaning) was known to those called to be saints (*κλητοῖς ἁγίοις*) in the city of Rome; known, we may suppose, most familiarly as the *πληθος ἐθνῶν* of the Septuagint; a phrase which, one would think, must have been brought to their minds by the phraseology of the Apostle.

If we now turn from the words of the Apostle to those of the Patriarch—or, seeing that the words are as identical as words in different languages can be, perhaps I should rather say, if we take up our subject by the other end, we may perhaps learn something from enquiring about the nature and fulfilment of the Old Testament prophecy.

As to the latter point, I must at once say that so far as I can see, it has not yet been fulfilled at all. I have looked into commentators but found no help. One's heart sinks at reading such evasive comment as Bishop Patrick's—"In the Hebrew the words are *fulness of*

nations, i. e. of families. As much [as little, he surely should have said] as to say his seed shall replenish the country with numerous families: For that which replenishes the Earth is called the *fulness of the Earth* (*Psalm xxiv. 1*), and that which replenishes the Sea, *the fulness of the Sea*. (*Psalm xcvi. 11. Isai. xlii. 10. See L. de Dieu.*)” I wonder whether any body ever did go to L. de Dieu to seek for an authorization or amplification of this comment. There seems to me to be small encouragement to “see” after people who say such things. Let us rather enquire what is said of the actual increase of Ephraim and Manasseh in subsequent parts of the Scriptures.

When the tribes of Israel were numbered, about two hundred years afterwards, that of Manasseh was so far from being remarkably numerous, that it was the smallest of all; and of all the others (with the single exception of Benjamin) the tribe of Ephraim was the least. We learn from the first chapter of Numbers, that the tribes of Ephraim and Manasseh together were less than that of Judah at the time of the Exodus; and while some of the tribes increased, and some decreased, in the wilderness, it appears that, by the census taken nearly

forty years after that which has been already alluded to, the tribe of Ephraim had lost eight thousand men, while that of Manasseh had gained more than twenty thousand. Thus, at their entrance into Canaan, Ephraim was (with the exception of Simeon) the least of all the tribes, and contained 20,200 men *less* than Manasseh; their numbers being respectively 32,500, and 52,700¹. I meet with no other account of the numbers of the tribes of Ephraim and Manasseh. Indeed, the only notice which I find that has anything to do with those numbers at a later period, is 1 Chron. xii. 30, 31; from which it appears that Ephraim furnished 20,800 soldiers to David's army, and one half tribe of Manasseh 18,000, and the other half tribe of Manasseh a further number, which is not distinguished from those furnished by Reuben and Gad; but when it is considered that, on the same occasion, Zebulun furnished 50,000, Asher 40,000, and Naphtali 37,000, this does not lead us to suppose that either Ephraim or Manasseh had become eminently numerous, and of the two it seems probable that the latter was the most so.

¹ See Num. xxvi. 28.

If I am correct in these statements, may we not ask "How has this prophecy been fulfilled?" or rather, "If the popular view of the subject in general be correct, has the prophecy, as yet, been fulfilled at all?" Is it not generally believed that Ephraim, instead of being a "multitude of nations," has ever since the captivity been no nation at all? Jews and Christians agree in believing that the descendants of Ephraim exist; and, every now and then, there is an attempt to shew that they have been discovered in some obscure, and almost unknown, place and people. It has been quite a matter of curiosity to seek for the Ten Tribes, and to compare the different accounts and speculations about them. But supposing we admit any one of these discoveries which the reader may select, to be anything more than a mere delusion, yet we must see that the prophecy of the Patriarch has not been satisfied by any such fulfilment as the most specious of them sets before us. The prediction is, I think, not yet accomplished; but perhaps a few considerations, which (though for the sake of brevity and clearness, I may seem to state them otherwise) I really offer rather in the way of suggestion and enquiry, than of dogmatic statement, may

help towards our forming an idea of what has been done, and what is purposed, for its accomplishment.

1. In the first place it is worth while to notice that the language of Scripture distinctly sanctions our understanding the name of "Ephraim," in the prophetical parts of the Scriptures, as used to designate all the tribes of Israel, except that of Judah, unless there is something which obviously restricts the meaning. The same may be said of "Ephraim and Manasseh" jointly, and of "Joseph." We must, moreover, keep steadily before us, what in Jewish History we are too apt, obvious as it is, to overlook,—the clear and long division and distinction between the kingdom of Israel and the kingdom of Judah.

2. While Israel and Judah are thus to be considered separate bodies as between themselves, it must be kept in mind that they are one in origin and descent, and one as it regards the great and ancient prophecy of their dispersion. Nobody who in the present day looks round the world, and sees Jews every where, doubts about the dispersion of Judah; but as I have already suggested, people are looking out in all quarters, and into all corners, with the

expectation of finding, and from time to time they report that they have found, the Ten Tribes, congregated together, and more or less forming a distinct and united people. Perhaps it may be sufficient to remark on this head, that the original threatening by Moses that in case of disobedience the nation should "be removed into all the kingdoms of the earth¹," surely comprehended "all Israel;" and accordingly St. James addressed his Epistle to "the twelve tribes scattered abroad" (ἐν τῇ διασπορᾷ).

3. It seems clear then that the Ten Tribes were to be, and were, scattered abroad; and indeed it appears to me that the predictions respecting their dispersion are in terms even stronger than those which foretel the dispersion of Judah. Thus in Hosea, ix. 17, we read, with special reference to Ephraim, "My God will cast them away, because they did not hearken unto him; and they shall be wanderers among the nations;" and in Isaiah, xi. 12, that "the outcasts of Israel," as well as "the dispersed of Judah," from whom they are evidently distinguished, shall at some time or other be gathered together from the four corners of the earth. In fact, the prophecies which relate to the

¹ Deut. xxviii. 25.

house of Israel, as contradistinguished from the house of Judah, convey the idea of their being "outcast" rather than merely "dispersed." Thus Hosea tells us, that when a daughter had been born to him, "God said unto him, Call her name Lo-ruhamah : for I will no more have mercy upon the house of *Israel*; but I will utterly take *them* away. But I will have mercy upon the house of *Judah*, and will save them by the Lord their God¹." It seems, indeed, as if *they* should not only be dispersed among the nations, but should be intermixed with and absorbed by them. "Ephraim, he hath mixed himself among the people²." "Israel is swallowed up: now shall they be among the Gentiles as a vessel wherein is no pleasure³," and the principal difference seems to be, that Israel should apostatize from God, and join the idolatry of the heathen, while Judah should be free from that sin. "Though thou, Israel, play the harlot, yet let not Judah offend⁴." "Because Ephraim hath made many altars to sin, altars shall be unto him to sin. I have written to him the great things of my law, but they were counted

¹ Hosea i. 6.² Ibid. vii. 8.³ Ibid. viii. 8.⁴ Ibid. iv. 15.

as a strange thing¹." In the next verse but one, "Israel hath forgotten his Maker, and buildeth temples." I am aware that erroneous statements have been made respecting the abstinence of the two tribes from idolatry, but I believe it is true, and admitted on all hands, that they have been free from that sin since the destruction of their city by the Romans; so that it may be said of them, "Ephraim compasseth me about with lies, and the house of Israel with deceit; but Judah yet ruleth with God, and is faithful with the saints²." "Ephraim is joined to idols: let him alone³." And it seems as if this should continue until their conversion: "O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God; for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity. Take with you words, and turn to the Lord: say unto him, Take away all iniquity, and receive us graciously: so will we render the calves of our lips. Asshur shall not save us; we will not flee upon horses: neither will we say any more to the work of our hands, Ye are our gods. . . . Ephraim shall say, What have I to do any more with idols⁴?"

4. At this stage of the enquiry we may surely

¹ Hosea viii. 11, 12.

³ Ibid. iv. 17.

² Ibid. xi. 12.

⁴ Ibid. xiv. 1, 2, 3. 8.

ask, "If, as St. James believed, in his time the Ten Tribes were scattered abroad, and if all attempts to discover them since his days have failed, what can have become of them? I simply mean, what, in the nature of things, can we reasonably suppose to have happened? May we not imagine, not merely from what appears to be predicted, but from the very circumstances of the case, that they became absorbed in, and identified with the nations among whom they were dispersed? Still they did not lose their identity. The Ephraimite was an Ephraimite still, and his children are Ephraimites, and true sons of Abraham to this day. Are we called upon to imagine that in all the countries of their dispersion, the twelve tribes died out, leaving no issue? If such a thing be suggested as probable, I should feel disposed to ask, whether it is not just possible that in some of the countries, the original inhabitants may have migrated, or died out, and been locally superseded by the rapidly increasing families of Israel. I do not pretend to affirm that this has actually been the case; but if we are compelled to believe one thing or the other, I must say that to me the supposition of this, or something like it, appears the more probable of the

two, because we have such plain and reiterated predictions of the incalculable increase of Ephraim, and of a reunion of the whole House of Israel, which has not yet taken place. Nobody who believes that Ephraim and Manasseh ever lived, can doubt that they have lineal descendants now living. How it may have pleased God to deal with them we cannot tell; and indeed if there be one part of his dispensation respecting them which seems to be more clearly revealed than almost any other, it is that during the dispersion of Judah, Ephraim shall be unknown.

5. The texts which have been quoted to shew that "all Israel" has been scattered, and will be gathered, though fully sufficient for the purpose, are not all which relate to the fortunes of Israel, or the fulness of the Gentiles. Let us go back to a period still earlier than any to which we have as yet referred. I need hardly remind the reader of what may be called the original promise made to Abraham, when the Word of the Lord "brought him forth abroad, and said, 'Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them:;' and he said unto him, 'So shall thy seed be¹.'" The promise was afterwards repeated, "in mul-

¹ Gen. xv. 5.

tiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of heaven, and as the sand which is upon the sea shore¹." Again the promise was repeated to Isaac, "I will make thy seed to multiply as the stars of heaven. . . . I am with thee, and will bless thee, and multiply thy seed for my servant Abraham's sake²." To Jacob also it was promised, "thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth, and thou shalt spread abroad to the West, and to the East, and to the North, and to the South³." "A nation, and a company of nations (גוי וקהל גוי יִשְׁתַּח וְכַל סוּבָאָה וְיִשְׁתַּח) shall be of thee⁴." To this promise it was that Jacob afterwards particularly and distinctly referred, when his son Joseph brought Manasseh and Ephraim to receive his blessing; "Jacob said unto Joseph, God Almighty appeared unto me at Luz in the land of Canaan, and blessed me, and said unto me, Behold, I will make thee fruitful, and multiply thee, and I will make of thee a multitude of people⁵." (וְהִרְבֵּיתִיךָ וְנָתַתִּיךָ עַמִּים לְקֹהֶל אֲבִיךָ אֵלֶיךָ וְכָל הָעָם אֲשֶׁר יִשְׁתַּח וְכָל הָעָם אֲשֶׁר יִשְׁתַּח.)

In this little retrospect we trace the promise

¹ Gen. xxii. 17.

² Ibid. xxvi. 4. 24.

³ Ibid. xxviii. 14.

⁴ Ibid. xxxv. 11.

⁵ Ibid. xviii. 3.

which had been given, repeated, and perpetuated. We find that it was fresh in the mind of the Patriarch when he blessed his grandsons—"The Angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads; and let my name be named on them, and the names of my fathers Abraham and Isaac, and let them *grow into a multitude* in the midst of the earth¹."

We may here observe, if I mistake not, that the promise of incalculable multiplication was, if not exclusively transferred, yet particularly applied, to the offspring of Joseph; "He blessed them that day, saying, In **THEE** shall Israel bless, saying, 'God make thee as Ephraim and as Manasseh².'"

In this connexion, it is also worth while to look at the benediction which Jacob subsequently pronounced on his sons, or rather, the prophecy which he delivered to them. "Gather yourselves together," he said, "that I may tell you what shall befall you in the last days." The days referred to are, I suppose, still future; but not to interrupt our enquiry by what may be a matter of dispute, I will say, for that is agreed on all hands, that the Patriarch's words relate to what were *then* future times. In this

¹ Gen. xlviii. 16.

² Ibid. xlviii. 20.

view it is remarkable that not one of the promises, or predictive descriptions—if we except that of Joseph, “the fruitful bough” to whom were promised the blessings of the breasts and the womb—not one beside this makes any allusion to numerous offspring. Something of the same kind may be said of the prophetic benediction of Moses; though not quite so strictly, for of Reuben he says, “let not his men be few;” but what is that to the portion of Joseph?—“His glory is like the firstling of his bullock, and his horns are like the horns of unicorns; with them shall he push the people together to the ends of the earth: and they are the ten thousands of Ephraim, and they are the thousands of Manasseh¹.”

¹ Deut. xxxiii. 17. I do not here enter into the consideration of several very remarkable passages of Scripture, which seem to refer to the history of Ephraim and Manasseh in the last times, because such a description would occupy much space, and involve controverted points. They are, however, by no means to be overlooked in the present enquiry. Take for instance such texts as, “Gilead is mine, and Manasseh is mine; Ephraim also is the strength of my head,” *Ps.* lx. 7, compared with the passage of Deuteronomy quoted in the text. Again, “Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a flock; thou that dwellest between the cherubims, shine forth. Before Ephraim, and Benjamin, and Manasseh stir up thy strength and come and save us,” *Ps.* lxxx. 1. “I will cut off the chariot from Ephraim, and

But to return to the blessing of Jacob: there is one point, in that part of it which relates to Judah, which is too important to be passed over. "Thy father's children shall bow down before thee . . . the sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and unto him shall *the gathering of the people* be." וְלוֹ יִקְוֶת עַמִּים καὶ αὐτὸς πρὸς δοκίαν ἔθνων. Like as it was predicted that the multitude of the nations should be furnished by Ephraim, so also was it declared that the gathering of the peoples should be to Judah. If we understand that Shiloh is the Messiah, and the gathering is to Him, it makes no real difference as to our enquiry—the question is only whether we speak of the tribe of Judah, or of the Lion of that tribe. The

the horse from Jerusalem. . . . When I have bent Judah for me, filled the bow with Ephraim, and raised up thy sons, O Zion, against thy sons, O Greece." *Zeck.* ix. 10. 13. "I will strengthen the house of Judah, and I will save the house of Joseph, and I will bring them again to place them; for I have mercy upon them: and they shall be as though I had not cast them off: for I am the Lord their God, and will hear them. And they of Ephraim shall be like a mighty man, and their heart shall rejoice as through wine: yea, their children shall see it, and be glad; their heart shall rejoice in the Lord. I will hiss for them, and gather them; for I have redeemed them: and they shall *increase* as they have *increased*." *Ibid.*

history seems to be very plainly foretold: "The Lord was very angry with Israel, and removed them out of his sight: there was none left but the tribe of Judah only¹," and thereupon Zion said the Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me—Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb?—Lift up thine eyes round about and behold—ALL THESE gather themselves together and come to THEE—As I live, saith the Lord, thou shalt surely clothe thee with them all—the children which thou shalt have after thou hast lost the other, shall say again in thine ears, 'The place is too strait for me, give place to me that I may dwell.' Then shalt thou say in thine heart, 'Who hath begotten me these? seeing I have lost my children, and am desolate, a captive, and removing to and fro? and who hath brought up these? Behold, I was left alone: these, where had they been?'

Is this the *πληθος ἐθνῶν* of Ephraim, and the *προσδοκία ἐθνῶν* of Judah?

¹ 2 Kings xvii. 18. (*μονωτάτη* LXX.)

ESSAY VI.

THE WALDENSES AND ALBIGENSES.

THE two Parts which form the following Essay, were originally published in the British Magazine in April and May, 1839. My object was to give a superficial and popular sketch of the state of the question respecting the sects to which they refer. Something of the sort seemed to me to be then wanting; and notwithstanding the labours of some learned writers, it appears to be as much wanted now as it was then. It is obviously with no view of superseding, but of recommending and calling attention to such works that I reprint these pages, which may, I hope, furnish those who need it with a sort of introduction to them; so far at least as the general drift and tenor of more learned contro-

versal writings is concerned. A great deal of interesting matter will be found in a review of a book entitled "*Histoire et Doctrine de la Secte des Cathares ou Albigeois*," by Professor Schmidt of Strasburg, in Mr. Arnold's very valuable "*Theological Critic*¹." I have not seen the book itself, which the able reviewer characterizes as a "very full, learned, and spirited work." Since I extracted these pages, and prepared them for reprinting, I have also been much gratified by hearing that the learned Professor Hertzog of Halle (already advantageously known as a writer on the subject, by his academic Program "*De Origine et pristino Statu Waldensium*") was actually engaged in a minute and laborious examination of the Waldensian documents in Trinity College, Dublin². Fully assured of his ability and good faith, I am very desirous to see the result of his enquiries; and

¹ No. IV. p. 510.

² It is much to be regretted that Dr. Todd has not collected and reprinted, in a more accessible form, the very learned and interesting communications, which he has, from time to time, made to the public, on the subject of these documents, in the *British Magazine*, and elsewhere. To say nothing of his peculiar opportunity and ability, I am convinced that there is no person who has a stronger sense of the benefit which would result to the cause of truth, from a thorough sifting of this subject, and its dependencies.

I shall be glad if this Essay, and that which follows on Perrin's History, should tend to excite the same interest in the minds of others.

PART I.

WERE THEY THE CHURCH?

THE history of these sects is, in itself, I believe, as plain and simple as any story of its age can be expected to be; but, unfortunately, it has been the policy of all parties to perplex it; and the united efforts of their friends, their enemies, and themselves, have rendered it so obscure, that in attempting something like a sketch one hardly knows how to begin.

The curious thing is, that the predicament in which the Waldenses have been placed, between papists and protestants, has led some of both those parties to contend very strenuously for that antiquity which the national and sectarian vanity of the Vaudois was ready enough to claim. The papist scornfully asked the protestant, "Where was your religion before Luther?"—and the protestant, having made up his mind that the pope was antichrist, and that adherence to him was the mark of the beast, did not, of course, venture to answer

that his religion had always been in a church of which the pope had long been the head, though so overlaid with rubbish and superstition, that now it was cleansed from his filth the pope did not know it. He was forced therefore to hunt through history, and collect all the people who had opposed the pope, to string them together, and call them a "Line of Witnesses;" to give as scriptural a turn as he could to their points of opposition to Romish doctrine or discipline, to amalgamate those points as far as possible, and then to represent the matter as the succession of the true church. Having done this, he felt himself quite in a condition to answer the papist, by saying, "Where was our religion before Luther? Why, in Piedmont, France, Germany, England; in short, all over Europe. We Lutherans, Calvinists, Protestants, or whatever you may now call us, are all in fact what used to be called Waldenses, Albigenses, Leonists, Cathari, Pauperes de Lugduno, Paterines, Arnoldists, Henricians, Petrobrusians, Berengarians, &c. All those names signify one simple and uniform thing, and mean nothing more or less than right good protestants, holding a scriptural

faith, and on that ground opposing the pope and the hierarchy ¹."

"Just so," replies the ultra-papist; "I believe you—you protestants *are* the spawn of all those filthy sects—you *are* the true sons of those heretics whom the church so long since denounced and excommunicated; and every fire that was lighted, every sword that was

¹ Take an early specimen from a sermon on St. Paul's words, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel," &c., Rom. i. 16, by Bishop Miles Smith, one of our most learned prelates, and the principal labourer in making our authorized translation of the Bible. He says :—

"Saint Paul was not ashamed of the Gospell, for all the nouelty thereof, (as the world counted nouelty.) No more let any of vs be at this day for the like imputation, *Where was the Gospell before Luther, who liued within these hundred yeeres?* or before the Bohemians, (of whom *Iohn Hus*, and *Hierome of Prague* were chiefe,) who liued within these two hundred and sixty yeeres at the most; before *Wickliff*, who liued within these three hundred yeeres at the most; before the *Waldenses*, and *Pauperes de Lugduno*, who liued within these foure hundred at the most; before *Henry* of Tholous, who liued within these five hundred yeeres at the most; before *Iohannes Scotus*, and *Bertram*, who liued within these six, or seuen hundred yeeres vpward towards Christs time, and of five or six hundred yeeres from Christ downward? Adde these times together, and then what great prescription, not onely antiquity can our aduersaries bragge of? It is certaine, that as God neuer left himselfe without vnder the Law, no more did hee vnder the Gospell."—*Sermons*, p. 73.

stained, in destroying *them* is a venerable precedent for dealing with *you*."

"Hold, hold, friend Gretser," says Bossuet, "you are too violent. What can be the use of talking such nonsense?"

"Nonsense? my lord," replies the Jesuit; "why, they own it, they are proud of it,—confess and be hanged, is good law."

"Not now-a-days," replies the courtly bishop of Meaux; "you and Mariana, and one or two more of you, will only get laughed at by protestants if you go on so. The *argumentum ad hominem* is fair enough, and it is certainly comical to see some of the protestants claiming such a pedigree; but you must know—at least *you* ought to know, if it were only from books which you have edited yourself—that a man could no more be a Leonist and a Catharist (or, in modern phrase, a Waldensian and an Albigenian) at the same time, than he could be both a Turk and a Dutchman."

"But," says the Jesuit, "the protestants acknowledge that the Waldenses and Albigenes were identical."

"No doubt," rejoins the bishop, "they *acknowledge* it—that is, they are driven to make up the notion, in the teeth of authentic history,

for a very obvious reason. We reproach them with novelty, and in reply they tell us that they are the lineal descendants of the Wicliffites, Hussites, and so on to the Waldenses. So far they get on pretty well; but there the pedigree snaps off short, and sets them down precisely and definitively in the city of Lyons, under the paternal roof of Peter Waldo. That he lived there between the years 1150 and 1200 is as clear, and I believe as undisputed, as that he ever lived at all. What then are the protestants to do for the eleven hundred years before his time? The way which they have taken is this—while Peter Waldo was living at Lyons, say they, there were, and for a good while had been, heretics in the south of France, whom the church had endeavoured to suppress. There is not, to be sure, a shadow of pretence for supposing that Peter Waldo had ever had any communication with them; quite the contrary. But France is France, heresy is heresy, and opposition to the church is opposition to the church; so that there was quite sufficient ground for their welding themselves on to the Waldenses, and thus carrying back the pedigree somewhat further at least—perhaps a good way.

“For as to these heretics, who certainly did exist in the south of France, it is not perhaps possible to say precisely when and how they got there. It is clear that their heresy was Manichæan, and almost beyond a doubt that they were emigrant Paulicians or their disciples. It seems as if some had found their way into France at a still earlier period; but the probability is that they became more numerous at the time of the crusades. At the same time, as I have said, there was something indefinite and uncertain about their origin; and their early history was so obscure that, though it required some ‘power of face’ to do it seriously, yet their remote antiquity might be maintained in two different ways:—First, by affirming in the face of all contemporary testimony that ‘the heretics’ of the south of France (or, as they were afterwards called, Albigenses,) were not Manichæans, or Paulicians, or anything of the kind. If any very distinct statement came in the way, it was to be met by saying, ‘Oh, yes, the historian is *here* speaking of the Manichæan heretics who lurked up and down; we do not at all dispute *their* existence, or *their* abominable heresy—but they had nothing to do with the pure scriptural Albi-

genses, though we cannot deny that somehow those filthy blasphemers got so intermixed with the orthodox Albigenses that they were confounded together; and besides, the lying papists often charged the *good* Albigenses with being Manichæans, out of pure spite.' If those who talked thus were asked where they found any account of these good orthodox Albigenses who formed the great body, among whom (a very odd place) the lurking Manichæans hid themselves, their answer was (or ought to have been if they had spoken fairly), 'We apply to them all passages and descriptions relating to heretics which happen to contain no specific charge of Manichæism; especially if they *do* contain any charge (or anything which can be twisted into something like a charge) of holding what is now called protestant doctrine; and, secondly, (assuming the identity of the sects,) we apply to the *Albigenses* anything that we please of what is said by ancient writers respecting the *Waldenses*.' Having thus got up the notion of a great body of orthodox Albigenses, and talked familiarly of the existence of a holy sect in the south of France, who were not Manichæans, these writers may very safely defy anybody to point out when they got there, and assume that

they always were there. This is one way of maintaining the antiquity of the Albigenses.

“Recently, however, a still bolder plan has been adopted—it is, to admit (what it seems hopeless to deny) that the Albigenses sprang from the Paulicians; and to tell us that it is their pride and glory, because the Paulicians held a peculiarly pure scriptural faith, and were eminently holy people.

“Either way, the antiquity of the Albigenses is demonstrated. Nothing is wanted, therefore, but to weld them on to the Waldenses. These will give a little orthodoxy in return for the antiquity which they receive; and by using the names of the two sects indifferently, and applying to one what is said by ancient writers of the other, protestants may make out something like a case,—at all events a story sufficient to puzzle a good many of their own party.”

The reader who is familiar with the subject will perceive the anachronism in which I indulge by putting these speeches into the mouths of the parties whom I have supposed to utter them; but he will understand me as attempting to describe a school of doctrine, rather than to represent the precise ideas (much less the exact

words) of individuals. He will bear this in mind, too, if I further ask him to imagine that there was a protestant advocate standing by while the bishop was lecturing the Jesuit. That with more than bee-like sagacity he drew honey from the nettle, broke away from the papists, and cried out to his companions, "Only think of the invincible force of truth! Racks and fires could never have extorted the confession from them—but the papists DO CONFESS that we are descended from the Albigenses, and they from nobody knows whom, if not from the Apostles. Bossuet, the lying papist Bossuet, who still affects to deny it himself, is reluctantly compelled to admit that the learned Gretser, the mighty Mariana, the unheard-of Cassini, the great Belvidere, the host-in-himself Rorencio, and I know not what papists beside, have been forced to admit that the Waldenses are just exactly the same as the Lutherans and Calvinists, and had existed a thousand years before they were heard of."

An ignorant person in the crowd ventured to say, "Pray, sir, what authorities did these writers whom you have named give for their statements?"

"Give authorities!" replied the protestant;

"Sir, they *are* authorities : commend me to the caviller who asks for authorities *from* them."

"I beg pardon, Sir," says the inquirer, "but did any of them live before the sixteenth century?"

"No; but why should you cavil at that? they could not help it."

"Certainly; but as it was, then, they had never seen any ante-reformation Waldenses?"

"Of course not; but they saw, or might have seen, the Waldenses who were living in Piedmont, and who positively declared that they held the doctrines of the reformation, and that their ancestors had done the same from the days of the Apostles. I take it to have been from them that the illustrious Rorenco (who visited them in the seventeenth century) got his information about the ninth and tenth centuries, which makes his work so valuable—indeed, I believe, unique. He is, as Leger says, a witness 'qui tout seul eût dû estre capable de convaincre tous les plus obstinez contredisans, et prouver sans réplique que les Églises des Vallées sont véritablement Apostoliques.'"

"But had these modern writers authorities which are not accessible to us?"

“It is impossible to prove that they had not; why should not they, as well as some protestants, who occasionally refer us to certain ancient parchments in which they found very curious matter? though, as we are not informed where these manuscripts were found, or who wrote them, or what became of them afterwards, we cannot refer to them. Indeed we only know of their existence by these modern works, which are, of course, on that very account, extremely valuable.”

“Do you think these parchments were furnished by the Waldenses themselves?”

“Certainly not; indeed I do not think the Vaudois shone much in the way of manuscripts until the seventeenth century. When Cromwell sent Sir Samuel Morland to Turin, Archbishop Ussher begged him to collect what he could; and he was so lucky as to pick up a good many; among the rest, a regular systematic confession of their faith, dated A.D. 1120.”

“Indeed! actually dated?”

“Yes, Sir,—actually, clearly, and legibly dated; why not?”

“Oh, I am sure I have no objection; only

it brought to my mind a remark of Lord Mansfield, or Lord Kenyon, I am not sure which. It was a question of fraudulent conveyance, and on hearing the original deed read, and finding it contained a distinct statement that the transaction was really *bona fide*, and for a valuable consideration, his lordship was pleased to observe that the statement was in itself what lawyers call 'a badge of fraud;' for that men who were really engaged in a *bona fide* transaction would not think of saying so. Was Sir Samuel a judge of manuscripts?"

"I do not happen to know, but I dare say he was, for he was a clever man; he invented the drum-capstan and a speaking-trumpet."

"Is the language that of the beginning of the twelfth century?"

"I do not know, but I dare say it is. Dr. Gilly informs us that it is very much like what the people talk there now-a-days."

"It is odd that their language should have undergone so little change in seven centuries."

"It is; but they are altogether a very singular people. Morland, however, did not get all their manuscripts from them; for when the writer just mentioned visited M. Peyrani, in the year 1823, he found that 'high priest of a

church which is, beyond all shadow of doubt, the parent church of every protestant community in Europe,' seated by the side of 'a table covered with books, parchments, and *manuscripts*,' and received his expressions of 'regret that he could no longer display the folios and *curious old manuscripts* that had been handed down to him.'" In answer to Dr. Gilly's inquiry as to what had become of them, he stated that his necessities had obliged him to sell them.

As this occurred so recently, and people are not likely to buy such things in order to destroy them, we may hope some day or other to recover these manuscripts. In the meantime, there are some things in printed books which are, I apprehend, quite as authentic and instructive, and which it may be worth while to notice.

PART II.

WERE THESE ONLY DIFFERENT NAMES FOR THE SAME PERSONS?

It is obvious that one of the most important points to settle about the Waldenses and Albi-

genses is this—Whether they were two distinct sects, or one sect under different names ?

It seems very strange that, after all the noise which they have made in the world, and the volumes which have been written about them, such a question should still remain. Indeed, in one sense, it does not remain ; there is, strictly speaking, no question about the matter ; the point has been decided both ways. The old writers, whom there is more or less pretence for calling contemporaries of the alleged heretics, clearly supposed them to be two sects ; modern popular writers are almost unanimously of opinion that they formed only one¹.

The reason of this is very clear, and has already been hinted at. He who knows not what to say when he is asked, "Where was your religion before Luther?" will be equally at a loss when asked, "Where was your religion before Waldo?" and therefore it is very necessary (if I may so speak) to weld the Waldenses on to the Albigenses, in order to obtain an in-

¹ Of course the reader will not understand me to speak of Romish writers, nor of men of real learning and research among protestants, such as Mosheim, Fabricius, Hallam, and others who have had occasion to mention these sects, but of their professed historians and apologists, Perrin, Morland, Leger, Basnage, and the writers who have followed them.

definite antiquity and obscurity of origin, instead of the annoying certainty that Peter Waldo did not live till after the middle of the twelfth century. How this is managed, and by what means the two sects are made out to have been one, may be the subject of future discussion; at present, my object is rather to state the plain facts of the case, and the plain inference to be drawn from them, than the means by which a dispute has been got up, or the way in which it has been carried on. It is a most important part of church-history, and one which, if party had not interfered, would have been as clear as it is instructive in itself, and illustrative of the whole history of heresy.

As to the Albigenses, the facts which we gather from the most original sources which are accessible seem to be these:—In the beginning of the eleventh century, Manichæan heresy was detected,—or, to be quite safe, we will say it was asserted that it existed,—in France. I am not aware that any such charge had been brought against any individual whatever in that part of the world for centuries. It seems impossible to account for this report of that which those who record it call a new and unheard-of heresy, except by supposing it to have a foun-

dation in truth. Why should it not be? Nobody doubts that there had been plenty of Manichæans in other times, at other places; and why not *then*, and in *France*? It is a mere suggestion of ignorance or evasion that "Manichæan" was a nickname of abuse, wantonly used in spite; but if it were otherwise, it is to be observed that most of the writers from whom we get our earliest information about those whom we call Albigenses, do not call them Manichæans, but state the doctrines of what some of them expressly call, and others seem to have considered, a new and unheard-of heresy. They charge these heretics with holding certain doctrines which they only specify, but which we know to be decidedly Manichæan. The only hint, as far as I know, of the quarter from whence the heresy came, is given by the statement that some canons of Orleans, who were burned for it in A.D. 1022, had been proselyted by a female from Italy.

There seems, indeed, to be no doubt that the heretics who appeared in different parts of France at this time were the disciples of fugitive Paulicians, who were decidedly Manichæans, and whose very name this apparently new sect in France bore, as one of the earliest which was

given to it. No one, I think, who considers what the Greek word *Παυλικιανοί* was likely to become in the pronunciation of western Europe, will admit any other explanation of their being called *Publicans*. Indeed, I believe that no other explanation, in the least degree plausible, has been attempted¹.

I am not, however, writing the history of these sectaries, which is, in fact, epitomized in their being also called Bulgarians; and it is enough here to say, that the heretics of France and Flanders had evidently got hold of an eastern heresy, scarcely more opposed to the truth, than alien from the errors of the west, and it connected them with eastern heretics, through the north of Italy. It spread in the south of France, and particularly about Toulouse. That city, which was once the seat of an Arian monarchy, and which is said never to have been freed from

¹ Surely those which derive it from *Novempopulonia*, a name by which some very few persons of the period might know that Aquitaine had been called,—or from the mockery of the rabble, who may, according to them, be supposed to have cried out, when they saw these devotees, "Here come the *Publicans*,"—are altogether absurd. How would a German now pronounce *Paulikian*, especially if he got it from Greeks, who would probably (for we know that their descendants certainly would) give the *u* something more like the force of a *v* — "ht f?"

Arian heresy, together with the neighbouring district including the Albigeois, was but too well prepared to receive the subtle poison of Manichæism. In short, the Bulgarian *Publicans* became the *Albigenses*.

The history of the crusade against them is sufficiently known, and by the middle of the thirteenth century they were put down. That is to say, they were put down from being a rampant belligerent power, and put down from being (so far as they ever had been) an open sect or profession; but who is so weak as to suppose that the heresy was extirpated, or that "the Heretics" ceased to exist in the country? I say "the Heretics," for though we may call them Albigenses, and some old writers may have done the same, yet we commonly find them designated by writers in, or nearest to, their times, simply as "the Heretics," who were, in fact, too well known to require any other description. It is very possible that there might be some variety of shade among them, and that even those who differed little or nothing on any point of doctrine might differ in name; and therefore it is very natural that decrees of Councils, and such documents, should give every *alias* that could be thought of; but whether

Manichæan fashion, Peter seems to have been an inquiring man, with rather more learning than most laymen of his time, but not enough to enable him to understand the gospels which he heard read in Latin; and he employed a learned clerk to dictate, and a scribe to write, some part of the Bible, and the Fathers, in the vulgar tongue.

This appears to have been before what is termed his conversion, from two circumstances:—First, because that event is said to have been produced by his witnessing the sudden death of a friend; and that friend, it is likely, was the translator whom he employed, and who (we learn from other sources) actually was killed suddenly by falling from a house which he was building. Secondly, because we are told (and indeed we might guess without direct information) that he paid the persons employed in this work of translating and transcribing, which we may presume to have been expensive. This he could hardly have done after distributing all his property to the poor, which is said to have been one of the first consequences of his conversion.

But whether before or after that change, he seems to have been far enough from repudiating

the Scriptures. His sudden conversion and distribution of his wealth to the poor was not unnatural nor uncommon in that age ; and up to that point of his history there was nothing to distinguish his case from that of a great many others. If he had then entered a monastery, he might have found plenty of companions in precisely his own circumstances, and his name would probably be now as little known as theirs are. But he did not found or enter a monastery ; nor does it appear that he held any heresy, or contemplated any schism. His idea seems rather to have been to become a preacher ; but whether this was originally his intention, or only the wish of his companions and followers, is of little consequence. It was disapproved by the hierarchy. He, or they, were forbidden to do that to which they thought they were called, and which they proceeded to do notwithstanding the prohibition. They said that they must obey God rather than man. They would preach, and they did preach ; and they were expelled from the city of Lyons.

Here again we are not to suppose that when the teachers were got rid of the doctrine was extirpated. In this case, however (unlike that of the Albigenses), the heretics were confessedly

exiled, and not killed. They went, and of course went somewhere ; and among many other things much less probable, and less corroborated by history, it is said that they went to the out-of-the-way, uninhabited, valleys of Piedmont, and settled there¹. Some Waldenses, it is clear, there were in the south of France at the time of the Albigensian crusade, and some we find in that country, as fugitives from Burgundy, at a later period. The accounts which we have of them however are so different from those given of the Albigensian heretics, that it might have been thought quite impossible to confound the sects.

There is, however, if I mistake not, one book in existence which completely decides the ques-

¹ I am trying to tell the story without its romance. Just to give the reader an idea of what that is, I may mention that Sir Samuel Morland makes this migrating party, who "be-took themselves to the utmost parts of Dauphine, in the dioceses of Evreux [he means Embrun] and Turin, among the Alps, and in the caves of the mountains, places exceeding difficult to approach," amount to "more than *fifty thousand*." Only conceive such a party walking out of Lyons, apparently without being missed, and making their way to Piedmont so quietly that it does not seem to have attracted anybody's attention. And how merry they must have been when they got there ; though for such a multitude the cheer must have been very indifferent. I have no idea that there is the least authority for mentioning any particular number.

tion. It is a manuscript volume, more than five hundred years old, which is preserved in the British Museum. It has never, I believe, been questioned that it is really the very book in which the Inquisition of Toulouse kept its own record, of its own proceedings, for its own private use, between the years 1307 and 1323. At this time, the recollection of the Albigensian crusade was fresh. It is probable that Bernard Guido, the Inquisitor of Toulouse, and his colleagues, were none of them mere children. He had lived almost half a century in the world, and if none of his companions were older, they might well have known and been brought up by those who had been eye-witnesses of a warfare by which the country was harassed until the middle of the preceding century. It can hardly be pretended that they did not know whether they had to deal with one sect or with two; and in this record of hundreds of cases, containing accusations, confessions, sentences, &c., passed on persons, some of whom they call simply "Heretics," and others "Valdenses," they show, beyond all possibility of cavil, that they considered them as essentially, and entirely, different sects.

None of the popular writers of romance about

Albigensian and Waldensian history have ever grappled with this most interesting volume. Whether this has arisen from ignorance or from prudence is another question ; but it is, I believe, the fact, that all the notice which they have deigned to take of it has been a grin of childish ignorance, which was meant for a sneer at the credulity of those who could believe anything written by wicked inquisitors. Such babyism may build its card-houses till it has learned to read its book ; and when it has, it shall not be sent to the Museum, and set to read the cramp writing of Petrus de Claveriis, and Gulielmus Julianus ; for the whole book has been printed in a fair type, and may be had for a few shillings.

Some little time before the Revolution, while John Locke was at Rotterdam, and, I think, more or less through his agency, this volume came into the hands of his friend Limborch. Perhaps it was not a thing in which either of them would have taken particular interest, but that their ecclesiastical and political opinions, and the circumstances of the times, gave it value as offering an opportunity for a talk about popish barbarities very favourable to the excitement of liberal feelings respecting religious liberty and toleration. Limborch re-

solved to print it ; but he found, apparently, one cause of delay in the publisher ; and another, which he very candidly states, in the fact that there was a great deal in the book that he did not understand. This, of course, left him only the choice between publishing it just as it was, in the hope that others might understand what he did not, or of trying first to understand it himself, and then to explain it to his readers. The second was undoubtedly the more noble course for a man of letters, but as it turned out it would have been well if he had adopted the other. For when he began to read, in order that he might illustrate this book, he found that there was a great deal of matter connected with the Inquisition much more popular and edifying ; and very necessary for "all to whom those presents should come" as they had done to him, without finding any previous information ready to receive and use them. In short, the "Codex Tolosanus" (as Mosheim has called it, which his unhappy translator renders "the Code of Toulouse") was pretty much lost sight of, except so far as it might assist in compiling a general history of the Inquisition, which Limborch proceeded to write, and which is worth about as much as might be expected

from the circumstances to which it owed its origin.

“The Book of Sentences,” which had given rise to the whole matter, is appended to Limborch’s History of the Inquisition in close-printed folio pages without note or comment, and might naturally be looked upon by readers as a sort of dry, voluminous authority for the facts contained in the history, which it would not be worth while to look at unless any one of those facts should happen to be disputed. I suppose that in fact it has been so; and I do not think I ever met with anybody who had thought of looking at it, or had any notion of its real nature or value. It deserved, as Gibbon has remarked, a more learned and critical editor; and it has found perhaps but few more readers than the original manuscript, which, having become the property of Mr. Furly, an English merchant at Rotterdam, continued in his family until the year 1754. At that time Archbishop Secker (then Bishop of Oxford) joined with some friends to purchase it from the grandson of that gentleman. Mr. Benson, on the bishop’s part, waited on Mr. Furly to express his wish. Mr. Furly wrote to the bishop in consequence to say that he had been informed that, at the

sale of his grandfather's books, this MS. had been sold (though for some reason which he did not know it had never been delivered to the purchaser) for one hundred pounds. The bishop and his friends seem to have thought this beyond its value. Mr. Furly hinted that, being in private hands, it was exposed to a liability of getting into those of the papists. What they were to have done with it I am sure I do not know, and perhaps Mr. Furly could not exactly tell. It is clear, however, from his receipt, that he took eighty pounds, and delivered the volume to the prelate, who placed it in the British Museum ¹.

To return, however, from the history of the book to the book itself. I have already said that it completely decides the question respecting the identity of the sects; and it does this, not merely by showing that they were actually two distinct bodies, but by stating over and

¹ The reader may find what I have stated, and more, either in the original papers attached to the MS. itself, or in the correspondence between Locke and Limborch, published in the works of the former. Some further particulars, with part of Limborch's apologetic letter to Dr. Spencer (the original of which is among the Lambeth MSS.) I have given in a note to No. X. of my *Essays on Subjects connected with the Reformation in England*, p. 198.

over again, with great minuteness of detail, their respective opinions. Of 607 persons mentioned as having been before the tribunal of the Inquisition, during the sixteen years in question, 495 are merely designated as "Heretics;" and it will be very difficult to raise a doubt in the mind of any person of common sense whether these were the remnant of *the* Heretics of the country whose force had just been broken by the crusade—that is, *Albigenses*. Of the others, 92 (that is, in fact, all the others except twenty, who were Beguins, Jews, &c.) are denominated *Valdenses*. Whoever reads the confessions and sentences relating to these two classes will find four things which are very well worthy of notice.

First, that none of these persons is charged with anything sinful or disgraceful, but heretical pravity. There is nothing which looks like a desire on the part of the inquisitors to make them odious; or to represent them as criminal in any other way than as heretics in doctrine.

Secondly, the set of errors and heresies charged on the Albigenses and Waldenses respectively, are uniformly and essentially different. Those attributed to the former are

decidedly Manichæan, while nothing of the sort is laid to the charge of the latter.

Thirdly, a very singular proof, not only of a want of identity, but of the actual absence of connexion between the individuals composing the two sects, is afforded by the index of the volume. It is a list of the names of the persons whose cases are recorded in the book; but those names are not alphabetically arranged. They are placed under the alphabetically arranged names of the places where the persons who bore them were captured, or to which they belonged. The number of these places is 132; and during the sixteen years some of these places furnished as many as twenty, thirty, or forty heretics; but it appears that *no one* of the 132 places furnished a member of each sect. That is to say, the forty-three persons belonging to Verdunetum who were at various times examined were *all* "Heretics," the thirty-two from Alzonne were *all* Waldenses. The twenty-five found in Toulouse itself *all* "Heretics," and the eighteen at Maseres *all* Waldenses; and so on of more than an hundred places which furnished "Heretics" and no Waldenses, and seventeen places which furnished Waldenses and no "Heretics."

Fourthly, this is confirmed by another very singular fact, which is wholly inconsistent with the idea of the remotest connexion between the sects. It seems to have been a regular part of the process to call upon the person under examination to relate whatever he might know of heresy or heretics. Many of the deponents were simple country people, who seem not to have been at all afraid, or reluctant, to speak of their circumstances, and the associations which led them into the society of persons of that sect of which they were supposed to be members, or to have some knowledge; and accordingly the confessions are full of minute details of even the slightest intercourse which the persons so examined chanced to have had with persons whom they knew, or afterwards found, to be suspected of heresy; yet, I think there is nothing in all these hundreds of confessions which should lead one to suppose that any one person in either of these sects was acquainted with, or had ever spoken to any one belonging to the other.

Should it be asked how it is possible, supposing these sects to have been so originally and entirely distinct, to represent them as identical, I answer that there is no great difficulty.

cumstances of its concoction, are in themselves very curious, and would have been worth notice, whatever had been its subject matter.

Who is, and who is not, responsible for any one particular statement or opinion contained in the book called Perrin's, it may be hard to say; but as to the work generally, whether we maintain it to be a fair and sincere history, or a book of lies and forgeries, it is certain that we are not to consider it the offspring of a simple and solitary pasteur in Dauphiny, who believed whatever was told him, but as the work of the French Protestant church, and a very curious work too.

Some who have been accustomed to consider Protestantism as a free and easy system of private judgment, encouraging men to think, and speak, and write, just what they please,—and who have been shocked at the notion of inquisitions, indexes, censorships, and all the other stumbling-blocks which Romish tyranny has laid in the way of marching intellect—may be surprised to see how vigilant and arbitrary the Reformed Church of France was on this point. As early as their first National Synod, held at Paris in May, 1559, it was decreed:—

“Les ministres ni autres personnes de l'Église ne pourront

faire imprimer aucun Livre composé par eux, ou par autrui touchant la Religion, ni en publier sur d'autres matières, sans les communiquer à deux ou trois Ministres de la parole, non suspects¹."

This was pretty strict; but the Synod of Orleans, in April, 1562, went further:—

"Les Imprimeurs, Libraires, Peintres et en general tous les fidelles, notamment tous ceux qui auront charge en l'Eglise, seront avertis de ne faire aucun chose de leur art, office ou emploi, qui dépende des superstitions de l'Eglise Romaine, ou qui les favorise. Et quant aux faits particuliers, et ensemble à la correction qui y écherroit, ce sera au Consistoire d'en juger."—*Ibid.* p. 27, No. XX.

Still more directly did the Synod of Rochelle, in June, 1581, come to the point:—

"Les Ministres et les Fidèles ne publieront à l'avenir aucuns de leurs Écrits imprimés ou autrement sur les matières de Religion, de Politique, de Conseils ou autres choses de quelque importance, sans la permission expresse et l'approbation du Coloque de leurs Églises."—*Ibid.* p. 153, No. XLVIII.

By the time of the Synod of Montauban (that is, June, 1594) it had come to be thought necessary that the church should not only prevent such books as it did not like from being published, but that it should get such books as it did like, written by men of the right sort:—

¹ Aymon, Synodes Nationaux des Églises Reformées de France, tom. I. p. 6, No. XXIX.

National Synod at Maixent, rather more than two years after (May and June, 1609), Perrin sent a letter, and the following decree was made:—

“ Sur les Lettres du Sieur Perrin, accompagnées de celle de la Province du Dauphiné, par lesquelles ils font la Déduction de ce que ledit Sr. Perrin a fait pour écrire l’Histoire des Albigeois, de laquelle il a marqué le Dessein et le But dans sa Lettre ; La Compagnie en étant contente, l’exhorte de continuer son travail, et pour lui aider à l’achever on a prié les sieurs Ferrier, Durand, Benoist, de Castelfranc et Vignier, de chercher tous les Mémoires qu’ils pourront trouver pour les lui envoyer ; afin qu’il le publie au plutôt, et pour cet effet la Compagnie lui remboursera ses Fraix, et le récompensera de ses Peines.”—*Ibid.* p. 361, No. VII.

One would, of course, like to know something about all the persons who were thus assigned to assist Perrin, and directed to act as purveyors of documents for his work ; but should it appear that any one of them was a rogue, it may not be worth while to inquire much about the rest. Now it is but too clear that such was the character of the first man on the list, M. Jeremie Ferrier, who makes a considerable figure in the history of these Synods. At the Synod of Gap, in 1603, where he is described as “ Professeur en Théologie à Nimes,” he acted as “ Ajoint ” to the Moderator¹. He

¹ *Ibid.* I. 255.

filled the same high office at the Synod of Maixent in 1609, by which this decree, appointing him to help Perrin, was made; but at that of Privas, in 1612, he comes under notice in a very different way, as the subject of heavy accusations:—

“Principalement pour avoir quitté l’Église de Paris sans Congé contre la Promesse qu’il avoit faite de la servir, comme aussi pour avoir beaucoup négligé sa Charge de Professeur en Théologie, n’ayant pû l’exercer tandis qu’il a fait divers Voiages en Cour et aux Assemblées Politiques, contre l’Ordonnance du Synode National de St. Maixent : n’ayant donné aucun Ordre à personne de remplir sa Charge pendant son Absence. Semblablement pour s’être ingéré dans la Réception et le Maniment des Deniers Académiques, dont il s’est trouvé avoir entre les mains plus qu’il ne lui étoit dû, la Somme de 3103 liv. 5. s. 6. d. De même pour avoir consenti à la Publication des Lettres du Capitaine Gautier, qu’il devoit plutôt supprimer que de s’en servir pour exciter des Querelles, qu’il n’a pû apaiser sans s’engager à déguiser plusieurs choses d’une Façon mal séante à son Ministère. Pour lesquelles Causes et autres, il lui a été ordonné d’écrire des Lettres satisfactaires à ladite Église de Paris, et de se vuidier les mains de la susdite Somme : et de plus, afin d’obvier à tous les Ombrages, Noises, et Soupçons, on lui défend de se trouver dans les assemblées Politiques et Générales, durant l’Espace de six Ans, et en lui conservant l’honneur de son Ministère, on ordonne qu’il l’exercera dans une autre Province, telle qu’il sera jugé plus convenable de lui assigner, pour la Gloire de Dieu, et l’Édification de l’Église.”—*Ibid.* 413, No. XVI.

He seems, however, to have been supported

by a considerable party ; for " Les Sieurs d'Aiguillon et Barniers, du Corps des Magistrats de Nîmes, avec Arnaud Guirand, second Consul, Vestric Favier du Corps de la Maison de Ville, et les Sieurs Suffren et Chambrun, Pasteurs de l'Église du dit Nîmes, Députés par la Consistoire de la dite Église," appeared at the Synod to pray that they might be allowed to keep their minister¹. They sought in vain ; and the pasteurs Suffren and Chambrun were very near getting suspended for the part which they had taken in the business. However, to make the story short, the accused appears to have been contumacious ; and, attached to the acts of the National Synod just mentioned, we find the " Excommunication et Déposition de Monsieur Jérémie Ferrier," by the Provincial Synod of Lower Languedoc, under the sanction of the Synod of Privas². After reciting the various complaints that had been made, and

" Aiant donc dûment et pleinement été informés des mauvais Comportemens dudit Ferrier, du Mépris audacieux qu'il fait de la Discipline, des Propos injurieux et insolens qu'il a prononcés contre les Assemblées Ecclésiastiques, de son trop grand Attachement à ce present Siècle, du Recours qu'il a eu

¹ Ibid. p. 416.

² Ibid. p. 461.

à des mauvais et indignes Moiens, des Rebellions et Désobéissances énormes, qu'il a commises contre le St. Ordre institué de Dieu, aiant aussi apparu qu'il a entièrement abandonné le Saint et Sacré Ministère, et qu'il a protesté avec Serment qu'il y renonçoit ;"—*Ibid.* 462.

and having in vain given him an opportunity to express his contrition, if he had had any, they proceeded to excommunicate him as "un Homme Scandaleux, Incorrigible, Impénitent, Indisciplinable." At the next Synod, which was held at Tonneins in the year 1614, he is placed in that which forms one of the most curious appendages to the acts of these Synods, viz. the "Rôle des Ministres déposés et apostats."

"Au Bas Languedoc, Jérémie Ferrier, ci-devant Pasteur et Professeur dans l'Église et Université de Nîmes, personnage de haute stature, aiant les cheveux noirs et frisés, le teint olivâtre, les narines ouvertes, et les lèvres fort grosses, a été censuré plusieurs fois, et ensuite suspendu pour ses malversations et rebellions, aiant abandonné le sainte ministère, il fût excommunié de nos Églises le 14 de Juillet, 1613, desquelles il s'est entièrement séparé à l'âge d'environ 38 ans."—*Ibid.* tom. II. p. 49¹.

¹ Of course a man is not responsible for all his relations; and in this case we have no absolute proof of relationship; but one cannot help observing, that at the same Synod of Privas, in 1612, at which the excommunication of *Jérémie Ferrier* by the Synod of Bas Languedoc, was received, "Mon-

Such was one of the persons appointed to help Perrin, and to get documents for him. In pursuing his personal history we have outstripped that of the work which it is our principal business to follow. We must therefore go back five years (to 1609) when Ferrier and the other assistants were appointed by the Synod of Maixent. It will be remembered that *two* years *before* that, Perrin had made some pro-

sieur *Esaie* Ferrier, Ministre de St. Gilles, dans le Bas Languedoc," appeared to answer charges brought against him. The Synod referred the matter to the Synod of Vivarez, that it might inquire, and report to the next National Synod (I. 418). Accordingly, at the next National Synod (that of Tonneins, 1614), M. *Esaie* Ferrier appeared and stated that he had been justified by the Synod of Vivarez. The National Synod seem not to have been satisfied of this, instituted further inquiry, came to the conclusion that he had not been cleared of his old charges, but had laid himself open to new ones, and continued his suspension to the next National Synod (II. 19). In short, we find him in the "Rôle des Ministres Apostats et Déposés" annexed to that next National Synod which was held at Vitré, 1617.—"Dans la Province du Bas Languedoc, *Esaie* Ferrier, ci-devant Pasteur de l'Eglise de St. Gilles, aiant été suspendu de son Ministère, par les deux Synodes Nationaux précédens pour ses Malversations, s'est Revolté contre nos Eglises à l'âge d'environ 35 Ans. Il est de moiene Stature, son Poil est Châtain obscur, et sa Barbe fort claire. Il tient continuellement la Tête haussée," II. 317. He might be only a namesake, but there seems to have been a "semblable coherence" between the men which, coupled with the identity of name, looks very suspicious.

gress in his History ; and we shall find that *three years after*, at the Synod of Privas (the same which censured Ferrier) Perrin made his appearance, and presented his book. The five colleagues before appointed to him may be supposed to have done their best, or their worst ; and the work, we find, was now to be further reviewed by another set :—

“ Le Sieur Perrin, aiant aussi présenté son livre de l’Histoire des Albigeois et Vaudois, son dit Écrit a été mis entre les mains de Mrs. les pasteurs Roussel, de Cuville, de Bean, Petit et Joli, Pasteurs, afin qu’ils en fassent leur Rapport devant cette Compagnie, laquelle a donné pour les Fraix faits par ledit Sr. Perrin, la Somme de trois cens Livres.”—*Ibid.* tom. I. p. 404, No. III.

At the same time the Synod issued this further direction :—

“ Le Sieur Perrin, sur le Rapport qu’on a entendu de ceux qui ont vû son Travail sur l’Histoire des Albigeois, est exhorté, suivant l’Avis des Commissaires, d’en faire une Révision, et de le présenter ensuite, au Synode du Dauphiné, afin que le voiant limé suivant l’Intention de cette Compagnie, il puisse être mis en Lumière.”—*Ibid.* p. 429, No. X.

After *two years more*, during which we may suppose that the new commissioners were employed in the limation of the work committed to them, the National Synod of Tonneins (May and June, 1614) issued the following decree :—

“ Le Synode de Dauphiné est chargé de voir l'Histoire des Vaudois et Albigeois, recueillie et dressée par le Sieur Perrin, qui est chargé d'en envoyer un Exemplaire à chaque Province d'abord qu'elle sera imprimée.”—*Ibid.* tom. II. p. 11, No. VI.

All this the reader may think very leisurely proceeding ; but in such matters it is best not to be in a hurry ; and therefore *after three years more*, at the Synod of Vitré held in May and June, 1617, the said commissioners reported as follows :—

“ Les Députés de la Province du Dauphiné, ont fait entendre à la Compagnie que leur Synode a examiné l'Histoire des Vaudois et Albigeois, recueillie par le Sr. Perrin, mais qu'elle n'a pas été imprimée et distribuée selon l'Ordre qui en avoit été donné audit Sieur Perrin, par la Synode National de Tonneins ; On a ordonné que ladite Histoire sera envoyée à Messieurs les Pasteurs et Professeurs de l'Eglise et Université de Genève, qui seront priés par le Synode du Dauphiné de la voir. Et quant à la demande faite au nom dudit Sr. Perrin, de quelques deniers pour l'impression de son livre : la compagnie y aura égard lorsqu'on fera la distribution des deniers provenans de la Liberalité du Roi. Cependant il est enjoint à la province du Dauphiné, de procurer l'Impression dudit Livre, sans attendre la Gratification qu'on doit faire audit Sr. Perrin, outre ce qui lui a été donné par le Synode National de Privas.”—*Ibid.* p. 87, No. IV.

After all this one really might suppose that the work was in the press, and would be speedily published ; but still one cannot be too

careful to avoid the evils of precipitate publication. On the other hand, however, there is a possibility that a manuscript may be worn to rags, and surely this one must have had a very narrow escape, for it is not until *more than three years again, after this report*, that we find the Sr. Perrin at the Synod of Alais, informing that assembly, not only that his book was actually printed, but that he had it in contemplation (encouraged perhaps by the ease and rapidity with which he had knocked off a small portion), to write an Universal History of the Church, from the creation of the world to the time present—a matter which the Synod somewhat quaintly referred back to his own prudence and conscience. But their article must be given :—

“ Le Sieur Jean Paul Perrin, Pasteur de l’Église de Nions en Dauphiné, s’étant présenté devant cette Compagnie, pour lui rendre Compte de l’Impression de l’Histoire des Vaudois et Albigeois, et aiant déclaré qu’il est maintenant occupé à écrire l’Histoire Universelle de l’Église qu’il suivra depuis le commencement du monde jusqu’à present ; La Compagnie l’aiant lotié de ce qu’il entreprend un si grand ouvrage, et remercié de la peine qu’il a prise de mettre en Lumière ladite Histoire des Vaudois, remet à sa Prudence et Conscience à juger du Fruit que l’Église peut tirer de ses autres Écrits,

sans lui en prescrire aucune Nécessité. Et sur ce que ledit Sieur Perrin a représenté qu'il est chargé d'un grand Nombre d'Enfans, et qu'il supplie la Compagnie de donner au moins quelque Subvention à l'un de ses Fils, lequel aiant été débauché par les Jésuites, et s'étant ensuite converti, donne maintenant une grande Espérance de pouvoir servir utilement l'Eglise de Dieu : la Province du Dauphiné est exhortée d'y avoir Égard selon la Charité, et selon le Mérite dudit Sr. Perrin."—*Ibid.* p. 185.

Thus the work was reported as actually printed at the Synod held between October and December, 1620. It has been already stated that some progress had been made in its composition as early as the year 1607. It is certainly very ridiculous to see such a mountain, or rather such a chain of mountains, labouring for a dozen years to bring forth such a mouse as Perrin's little book; but strange as all this is, there is something in the synodal history of this work which is still more strange. We have seen how this Synod of Alais took the matter of its publication; and who would expect to find the very next National Synod (that of Charenton in 1623), without the least reference to Perrin or his book, requesting another person to undertake a history of the Albigenses, just as if not a word had ever been

said on the subject. Yet it is, in fact, with special reference to the decree of the Synod of Alais, already quoted, and as a remark upon it, that the Synod of Charenton decrees :

“ Sur le Canon qui regarde la Composition de l'Histoire des Albigeois, cette Assemblée étant bien informée de l'Érudition et de la Capacité du Sieur Tilloit, Pasteur dans l'Église de Sedan, décréta qu'il seroit prié d'écrire ladite Histoire, et on exhorta les Provinces de lui envoyer tous les Mémoires qu'elles avoient sur ce Sujet.”—*Ibid.* p. 248. Art. I.

What this could mean, except that some circumstances or other had led them to distrust Perrin, and repudiate his book, it seems hard to say. If anybody can put a more charitable construction on it, let him do so ; but let him also bear in mind that the very next Synod (that of Castres, in 1626) issued the following order :—

“ On ordonna de supprimer tous les Écrits qui avoient été délivrés par Monsieur Perrin, pasteur de l'Église de Nions, et par Monsieur de Mirabel, décedé, à la Province de Bourgoigne, et que les Députés de ladite Province avoient ensuite délivrés à ce Synode.”—*Ibid.* p. 351, No. VIII.

The exact meaning of all these orders issued at various times during a period of nearly twenty years, it may not be possible fully to explain. From the foregoing sketch, however, it seems plain that though in the spirit of poetry, and

perhaps of misguided affection, M. Gamon might prefix verses to his friend Perrin's book, addressing him as

"Grand Trésorier de mémoire,
Trompette de la vérité,
Qui par le clairon de l'Histoire
Fais résonner l'antiquité,"

and might thus claim for him the undivided honour of the work, yet we must not allow the muse of the said "Christophle Gamon Ancien de l'Église d'Annonay," to bewitch us into a belief of any such thing. Many others must share the credit, or the discredit, of the work. If it has falsehoods and forgeries, they are not to be ascribed to haste of composition, or want of books, or of opportunity for inquiring as to the genuineness of manuscripts, or to be accounted for as the mistakes of a simple and incompetent individual. Yet it is to the facts connected with this book that we must look for an explanation of a great part of the mystery which hangs over the rhodomontade that is popularly called the history of the Vaudois.

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ESSAY VIII.

THE LOLLARDS.

THERE is one point in the history of the Lollards which must, I think, have puzzled other readers of English history as well as myself; though I do not remember to have seen it noticed. The position which they occupy in our civil and ecclesiastical history renders them objects of great interest; and we are naturally led, not merely by philological or antiquarian curiosity, but from a hope that we may obtain real information as to their history, to inquire respecting the origin and meaning of their name. We may acquiesce in the idea that they were called after one Walter Lollard, mentioned by Trithemius, until we find that, notwithstanding the quiet way in which it is talked of, Tri-

themius really mentions no such person; but who can be satisfied with the explanation, that, being considered tares, or darnel, or some sort of mischievous weed in the field of the good husbandman, their enemies gave them a name derived from *lolium*?

In opposition to these imaginations, we are told, very truly I believe, that at a certain period there were Lollards or Lullards who were well known in some parts of Germany and Flanders. We are informed that they were identified, or connected with, or more or less resembled, the Beguins; and that while the particular religious practice, or act of charity, which distinguished the Beguins was the visitation of the sick, that which the Lollards took upon them was, the burial of the dead where circumstances rendered it a work of piety and charity, and the attendance at funerals, either as gratuitous or hired mourners, who sung—perhaps only on such occasions, or perhaps generally in the vagrant mendicity in which they lived—a sort of plaintive melody, which (through the German word whence we have derived the words *lull* and *lullaby*) gave them their name.

All this is very natural and credible. It is altogether in character with the spirit and the

facts of their age ; and it seems to be supported by sufficient authorities. If it is at all obscure, it is because the people were themselves obscure ; but among the many curious morsels of information which the learning of Mosheim and others has gleaned and put together, there seems to be nothing contradictory. Indeed there is less apparent discrepancy than might have been expected in such a case.

But having found these Lollards in Germany, and learned why they were called so, what are we to do with them ? Are we really much forwarder ? How do they suit our purpose ? How are we to connect such people as these with the Lollards of England ? It seems as if some link was wanting which is not supplied by any historian whose works I have seen. Look at the early history of our English Lollards, and what do you find which resembles what I have just mentioned as the characteristics of the Germans ? And on the other hand, looking at the Germans, what do you find that resembles the well-known characteristics of our Lollards ? The English sectarians were not at all like a confraternity of begging friars ; and the Germans, do what we will, cannot be turned into anything like protestants. The formation of

knew anything of prophecies, or troubled their heads about them; but that our English Lollards were under their influence is beyond all doubt. Notwithstanding the obscurity in which that sect is shrouded, this fact is perfectly clear. I need not enter into any large proof of it; but I will give one or two extracts from Strype's Memorials and Fox's Martyrology, which throw light on each other, and combine to illustrate the subject. Under the year 1527, Strype tells us—

“Heresy, as it was then called, that is, the gospel, had already spread considerably in this diocese of London, and especially about Colchester, and other parts of Essex as well as in the city. The New Testament, in English, translated by Hotchyn (that is, Tindal), was in many hands, and read with great application and joy: the doctrines of the corporal presence, of worshipping images, and going on pilgrimages to saints, would not down. And *they had secret meetings*, wherein they instructed one another out of God's word. Now, the Cardinal earnestly bestirred himself to put a stop to these things, and to reduce all declining persons to the old way again. And for the diocese of London, a strict visitation was commenced this summer, by Jeffery Wharton, Doctor of Decrees, Bishop Tonstal's Vicar-General; the bishop himself being then in embassy in foreign parts, in company, as it seems, with the Cardinal, who was this summer in France.”—*Mem.* vol. I. P. i. p. 113.

It would be tedious and useless to extract eight or nine pages consisting chiefly of short

accounts of a great number of persons who were called in question at this visitation, a great part of whom were informed against by one *Hacker*, or *Ebbe*, who appears to have been previously a very influential man among them, and one much looked up to as a leader. Strype says, he had been "a great reader and teacher about six years past in London, and now in the parts of Essex about Colchester, Wittham, and Branktree;" and that being taken at this visitation, he made a discovery of a great many of his friends and followers.

Perhaps there is little or nothing in these various notices which, taken by itself, would appear to have a political bearing; but if we connect them, as we must do, with facts which we learn from other sources, we may well believe that "the Cardinal earnestly bestirred himself to put a stop to these things," (that is, these "secret meetings,") not merely because in them the people "instructed one another out of God's word," but because he believed that the instruction, professedly drawn even from that pure source, had a political aim, and was dangerous to the government and peace of the realm. But let us take these few extracts, on which further light will be thrown presently:—

"John Stacy, of Coleman-street, bricklayer, kept a man in his house, whose name was John, to write the *Apocalypse* in English."—p. 115. "William Raylond, of Colchester, taylor, was also of *Hacker's* sect, and a reader and teacher of his opinions; and had a book of the *Apocalypse* in English."—p. 117. One Girlyng's wife did "speak of the gospels and epistles, and open the *Apocalypse* in her own house."—p. 131.

The Epistles and Gospels were capable of being turned to account, as well as the more direct predictions of the *Apocalypse*. The denunciations of St. James probably account for the frequent mention of his epistle; and, no doubt, many beside "Robert Best had knowledge of the Epistle of James, and could say it by heart."—p. 126. A specimen is also given us of the way in which John Girlyng (the husband of the woman who opened the *Apocalypse*) interpreted "the 24th chapter of Matthew, where Christ spake of Jerusalem, and said to it, 'If thou knewest, thou wouldest weep: for there shall not a stone of thee be left upon a stone; for thou shalt be destroyed:' meaning thereby, that priests, and men of the church, which have strong hearts, (because

they do punish heretics, and be stubborn of heart,) should reign awhile, and in conclusion God would strike them, and they should be destroyed for the punishment of heretics.”—p. 127. We cannot much wonder that the Cardinal bestirred himself, when the people “instructed one another” in such doctrine as this, whether true or false.

But I have said that further light is thrown on these secret meetings of Hacker and his disciples. In the confession of Robert Necton, who was one of the party, he acknowledges having read the New Testament before divers persons at the house of one Thomas Matthew in Colchester, “and there and then have heard old father *Hacker* speak of *prophecies*¹,” and this is further illustrated by a confession of Elizabeth Wighthill, servant of Mrs. Elizabeth Doly, which we find in Fox². She told Dr. London, that “the sayd Maistres Doly, speaking of *John Hacker*, of Colmanstreet, in London water-bearer, said, that he was very expert in the Gospels, and all other things belonging to diuine seruice, and could expresse and declare it, and the Pater Noster in english, as well as any priest; and it would doo one good to

¹ Mem. vol. i. p. ii. p. 65.

² p. 897. Ed. 1597.

heare him; saying, moreouer, that she would in no case that this were knowne, for hurting the poore man: commaunding, moreouer, the said Elizabeth, that she should tell no man hereof; affirming, at the same time, that the foresayd Hacker could tell of *diuers prophesies* what should *happen in the Realme*."

This Hacker is mentioned by Fox as one of those who uttered "prophecies, going before Martin Luther." He tells us "how one Haggar, of London, speaking of this reformation to come: declared, That the priests should make battale, and haue the vpper hand a while, but shortly they should be vanquished and ouerthrowne for euer."—*Ibid.* p. 769.

He makes a considerable figure not only in the visitation of the diocese of London, (to which the extract from Strype, just given, refers,) but also in what Fox has told us respecting the proceedings of Bishop Longland, in his diocese of Lincoln. Father Hacker does not seem to have been as careful of Mrs. Doly as she was of him; for we read that when he abjured in the diocese of Lincoln, "John Hakker did detect Th. Vincent, of London, . . . Maistres Cotismore, otherwise Doly. Richard Colins," &c.—*Ibid.* p. 763.

This was after John Collins, of Burford, had detected "Joh. Hakker and his sonne of London. This John Hakker, of London, comming to Burford, brought a booke speaking of the ten plagues of Pharao. Also after that, an other booke," &c.—(*Ibid.* 761.) But what is most to our purpose, and what led to this Hacket, or Hackar, or Haggar, or Haggard, alias Ebbe, alias Richardson ¹, (for he seems to have gone under various names,) being put in the list of prophets, and what agrees well with Mistress Doly's testimony, is the evidence of Matilde Symonides and John Symonides, her husband, who being "put to their oth, detected one Haggar, of London, for speaking in their house, anno 1520, these words: That there should be a battaile of Priestes, and all the Priests should bee slaine, and that the Priestes shoulde a while rule: but they shoulde all be destroyed, because they hold against the lawe of the holy Church, and for making of false gods; and after that they should be ouerthrowne. Item. Another time he saide, 'That men of the Church should bee put downe, and the false Gods that they

¹ Mr. Cattley in his edition of Fox (vol. iv. p. 585) gives a list which he professes to take from the first edition, which begins with "John Hacker, alias Richardson."

make : and after that, he said, they should know more, and then should be a merrie world.”—*Ibid.* p. 759.

One can hardly wonder, I repeat, that “the Cardinal earnestly bestirred himself to put a stop to these things;” especially, considering how very little we know of them, how careful most of the narrators have been to put the best face on them, and how many of those who gave evidence respecting them may be supposed to have held it quite lawful to conceal the truth, even by what we should consider perjury. And surely we ought also to learn a lesson of caution in reading good old Strype, when we find him talking of such proceedings as “heresy, as it was then called, that is, the gospel.” It is all very well, if we can persuade ourselves that these good people only meant that the “men of the church should be put down” by the legitimate weapons of spiritual warfare; but who is to believe that? Look at the fact and the spirit of the following extract from Fox’s list of “Prophecies going before, of Martin Luther,” already referred to:—“Matthias Flacius, in the ende of his book, intituled: *De testibus Veritatis*, speaketh of one Michaell Stifelius, which Michaell being an olde man, told

him, that he heard the priestes and monkes say, many times, by *old prophecies*, that a *violent* reformation must needes come amongst them; and also that the saide Michael heard Conradus Stifelius his father, many times declare the same: who also for the great hatred he bare against this filthy sect of monks and priestes, tolde to one Peter Pirer a friend and neighbour of his, that he should liue and see the day, and therefore desired him, that when the day came, besides those priestes that he should kill for himself, hee would kill one priest more for his sake.'” Fox, after telling this story, adds —“This Stifelius thought, belike, that this reformation should be wrought by outward violence, and force of sword: but he was therein deceived, although the adversary useth all forcible means, and violent tyranny, yet the proceeding of the gospel always beginneth with peace and quietnesse.” There is something very quaint in this word “beginneth;” and no doubt there might be much peace and quietness at the “secret meetings,” at which in all probability these very prophecies were discussed, but can we wonder that they did not “down” with the Cardinal?

These extracts from Fox and Strype illus-

trate the state of things just before the time when Luther could have been heard of; and I give them first, not only because they are connected, and throw light on each other, but because they are more intelligible than some brief previous notices would be without their illustration. If, for instance, we go back about a century, and look at Fox's account of "The persecution in Suffolk and Norfolk," which took place in the year 1429, we find this passage:—

"Item, the said William Wright deposeth, that it is read in the prophecies amongst the Lollards, that the sect of the Lollards shall be in a manner destroyed; notwithstanding at length the Lollards shall prevail, and have the victory against all their enemies."—*Cattley's Ed.* vol. iii. p. 597.

What were these "prophecies among the Lollards?" Surely something definite, which it is worth our while to find out, if we can. But, without entering into so wide a field as might be opened by such a question, I will beg leave to bring before the reader one work now little known; perhaps, as it regards our own country, almost entirely unknown; but which, though now sunk in oblivion and known only to bibliographers as a scarce book, once, and for a long period, enjoyed extraordinary popu-

larity, and a most extended circulation. I mean the "PRONOSTICATIO" of JOHANNES LYCHTENBERGER¹.

¹ Or, to give the full original title, "*Pronosticatio in Latino Rara et prius non audita que exponit et declarat nonnullos celi influxus et inclinationem certarum constellationum magne videlicet conjunctionis et eclipsis que fuerant istis annis quid boni malive hoc tempore et in futurum huic mundo portendant durabitque pluribus annis.*" In the colophon we read, "*Datum in vico umbroso subtus quercum Carpentuli Anno Domini M. cccclxxxviiij Kalendas, Aprilis per peregrinum Ruth in nemoribus latilantem. Cujus oculi caligaverunt stilus tremet senio oppressus.*" The use of the name of Ruth in this place is explained by other passages in the work, where the author describes himself as a gleaner in the field of judicial astrology, gathering a few ears after the Lord of the harvest and his reapers, (*exurgens in rure ut miser Ruth sequens Boaz ac messores antecessores philosophos, &c.*) and in the prayer prefixed to his work he says, "*Tu igitur omnium conditor et moderator Deus qui solem formasti et lunam qui rapidos celi cursus ordinesque disponis . . . ad te supplex confugio. A te grana misericordie tue peto. Te unicum Booz adoro; expande pallium gratie tue super me Ruth quia propinquus es te invoco, tibi supplex manus tendo, te trepida cum supplicatione veneror, ut numinis tui presidio siderum tuorum venerabilia judicia curcusque eorum efficaces influentias indigno servo tuo Johanni lychtenberger explicandas reveles, mentemque meam eterni tui splendoris radio illustrando in viam veritatis dirigas. Ingenium meum excita, linguam commove, rectamque prognosticandi formam mihi ostende.*" And in the course of his work the allusion is repeated, as at *Sig. C v.* "*O viri evangelici rogate Boaz dominum messis ut expandat pallium gratie sue supra vos quia propinqui estis mihi indulgendo.*" My reason for noticing this will be seen presently.

Whether the name is real or assumed, and whether (according to the only guess that I have seen) the writer was a hermit of Alsace, I know not. How many editions of his work appeared even in the fifteenth century it may well be believed that nobody knows; but the following notices, gleaned from such books as are within my reach, will, I think, fully justify what I have said of its circulation.

"A Latin edition, printed at Mentz in 1492¹.

A German edition of the same place and year².

A Latin edition printed at Modena in the same year³.

An Italian edition at the same time and place⁴.

A German edition of 1497⁵.

A Latin edition of Strasburgh, 1499⁶.

An Italian edition of Milan, 1506⁷.

A Latin edition with no note of place, in 1526⁸.

A German edition, also without note of place, in the same year⁹.

¹ In the collection of Earl Spencer, described by Dr. Dibdin in the Supplement to his *Bibl. Spenceriana*, p. 239.

² Seemiller *Incunab. Typ.* tom. iv. p. 24.

³ Denis, *Supp. to Maittaire*, vol. i. p. 329; Panzer, *Ann.* ix. 256.

⁴ Panzer, *Ann.* ii. 150.

⁵ Denis, *Supp. to Maittaire*, vol. i. p. 433.

⁶ *Ibid.* p. 467; Panzer, i. 65.

⁷ Panzer, vol. x. p. 462.

⁸ Bauer, *Bibl. Lib. Rar.* tom. ii. p. 290.

⁹ *Id.* *Ibid.*

An edition at Cologne in the same year ¹.

A German edition, *with a preface, by Martin Luther*, at Wittenberg, 1527 ².

Another German edition, without date, *with the same preface*, Strasburg ³.

A Latin edition, Cologne, 1528 ⁴.

A German edition of the same place and year ⁵.

A German edition of 1530 ⁶.

Another of the same year, differing but little except in having *Luther's preface* ⁷.

A Latin edition of Paris in the same year ⁸.

Another of Cologne, 1539 ⁹."

This, however, brings us beyond a period when these prophecies of John Lychtenberger were so mixed up with those of others, that, from his name not being in the title, it is hard to say how often his work was republished. For instance, an edition is mentioned without any note of place in 1549, where he is associated with Paracelsus, Joseph Grunpeck, Johannes Carion, the Sibyls and others ¹; and in a volume published at Paris without date, (but which, from some manuscript notes in the

¹ Panzer, vol. x. p. 462.

² Bauer, Bibl. Lib. Rar. tom. ii. p. 290.

³ Id. Ibid.

⁴ Id. Ibid.

⁵ Biblioth. Bunav.

⁶ Bauer, ubi sup.

⁷ Bibl. Bunav.

⁸ Struvii Intr. ad Not. Rei Lit. p. 463.

⁹ In Mr. Beckford's Library, according to Clarke's Repertorium.

¹ Bibl. Bunav. vol. ii. p. 234.

Lambeth copy, must have been published in or before 1531,) he is joined with Bemechobus, the Sibyls, Jerome Savonarola¹, &c.

I have entered into these details, which it would be easy to make more tedious, in order to give some idea of the extensive circulation which the Prognostication of Johannes Lychtenberger must have obtained at an early period; and I think that this is further proved by a fact which seems to me rather singular. Not one of the bibliographers to whose works I have just referred seems ever to have seen the first edition of the book. They have very naturally judged, from the language used in the colophon, that the edition of 1492 was a reprint, and that there must have been a previous edition; but they do not appear to have seen any. Panzer, indeed, (Ann. vol. iv. p. 45,) gives the title of the edition of 1488, but he does it with an error which may lead to a doubt whether he was really copying from the book itself².

¹ For some particulars respecting this curious volume, see Note E.

² He has *vera* instead of *rara* in the title. The Gothic capital **W** beginning a line is so plain and conspicuous that one can hardly imagine such a mistake in any one copying the original. He adds a reference to his German Annals, p. 229, "*ubi docetur annum 1488, minime pro impressionis*

He was, however, quite correct in stating that there was such an edition, and in assigning its date, for its existence is testified, if by no other copies, by three in the archiepiscopal library at Lambeth. One is also mentioned in the Douce Collection in the Bodleian Library. The probability is that that edition (perhaps one or two more before 1492) passed from hand to hand till it was worn out, while the work was a matter of interest from its contents, and of little value as a book which was rapidly superseded by new editions. I have found only one writer who appears to have seen this edition. Maxwell, in his "Admirable and Notable Prophecies," having previously quoted the prophecies of John a Lichtenberg, adds to his twentieth section an "appendix or addition to

tempore habendum esse." This reference I have not been able to verify, nor do I know what he means with regard to the date. I believe it to have arisen merely from the fact that he had not seen, or found any other bibliographer who had seen, any edition earlier than 1492. In his first volume, p. 115, he mentions an "editio dubia," reported as of Augs-
burgh, 1488, "forte tamen est illa quæ in der Neu. Bibl. der sch. Wissensch. vol. xxv. p. 1, p. 24, sub titulo . . . [and then he gives the title with the same error of *vera* for *rara*] . . . affertur." He is followed in giving the title of the edition of 1488, with this error by Ebert, Allgem. Bibliogr. Lex. in v. Indeed, I believe, by every body who mentions this first edition at all.

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the former section, made upon occasion of a certaine old booke," which was lent to him, and which was, in fact, the original edition of John Lychtenberger's prophecies, which he had before quoted, probably only at second-hand, from some writer who cited them under that name; but which, when he got the book itself, he did not recognize, as there is no name on the title-page, or I believe any where, but as it occurs in the prayer which I have quoted; and he seems to have turned to the colophon from which I have given an extract in a preceding note. Having stated that some prophecies quoted by a certain writer as St. Bridget's, were not to be found in her printed works, he proceeds to say:—

"And those same prophecies I find likewise alleaged by an astrologian, naming himself Ruth, and writing of the conjunction of the higher planets, that was in the year 1484, and the 25th of November of the said yeare, and likewise of that terrible eclipse of the sunne which was seene the 16 day of March in the next yeare following, neere some 130 yeares agoe, in the days of the most vertuous and famous Emperour, Frederick the Third, the father of glorious Maximilian the First. The which astrologians booke was printed 128 yeares agoe, some 14 yeares before S. Brigides Revelations were printed, at Noremberge, and was imparted of late unto my view by my much respected and kind friend, Sir Henrie Spelman Knight, a gentleman noted of the best for his notable

parts of judgement and learning, both divine and humane, and known to be a most earnest favourer and furtherer of all learned endeavours, especially such as belong to the studie of antiquity, wherein I have spent some seaven yeares of my time."—p. 114.

I wish to avoid being tedious about this book; but I must add, as showing the strong hold which it had, and maintained, on the public mind, that though (if I understand it) the predictions which it contained were only framed professedly with a view to a period extending to the year 1567, yet *after* that time fresh editions continued to be published, and the Bibliotheca Bunaviana alone furnishes German editions, published in 1620, 1633, 1651, and 1689¹. It seems, indeed, to have been a stock book for times of alarm or excitement; and probably

¹ Of course we may suppose that, both as to matter and style, these editions were in some degree accommodated to the time and circumstances of publication. Spener, in a letter written on the 19th October, of this year 1689, says, "Lichtenbergii vaticinium scriptum in meas etiam manus delapsum est. Verum ut tibi styli pro isto ævo nitor suspicionem iniecit, ita alii etiam figmentum credunt, quo nescio quis aliorum credulitati imponere volupe duxerit: addentes a Lichtenbergio postilla non edita unquam. Impressa tamen Lipsiæ sunt vaticiniorum ipsius genuinorum, quorum in illa bibliotheca exemplum est, aliqua excerpta, quæ cum iis, quæ scripto circumferuntur, multa communia habent, non tamen æque clare, quæ nunc geruntur, additis etiam annorum numeris, explicant."—*Consil. Theolog.* Pars 3, p. 675.

many editions intervened between these and that which was occasioned by the battle of Jena, and printed at Amsterdam, as recently as the year 1810¹.

I spare the reader anything like a full account of these prophecies, not only because I do not profess to understand them, but because such a course would lead us out of our way. I refer to John Lychtenberger, and give this long account of his work, merely because he quotes, and gives extracts from, another writer, of whom, and of whose works, I can find no account elsewhere. Johannes Lychtenberger represents that writer as a prophet whose predictions he received, and expected others to receive, with profound respect, who needed no introduction or description, but who would be sufficiently known under the name of REYNHARDUS LOLLHARDUS. I see nothing from which to form a

¹ Ebert says, "Dieser L'schen Weissagungen sind zu verschiedenen Zeiten eifrig gesucht worden; eifriger aber wohl nie als nach der Verhängnisvollen Jenaer Schlacht, wo auf allen Sach. Bibl. die Nachfrage nach ihnen unbegreiflich stark war. Es sei daselbst, sagte man, Alles auf das Bündigste vorausgesagt und es war übrigens ganz in der Regel, dass einige Nichts, andre Alles, darinn fanden. Die Luther'sche Ausg. von 1527, kommt noch am häufigsten vor; sehr selten aber sind die früheren."—*Allg. Bib. Lex.*

conjecture respecting his date; but that his predictions were current and well known before this book of John Lychtenberger was published in the fifteenth century, seems to be quite clear; and whether he was a real or an imaginary person makes no difference as it regards our inquiry.

In his preface, John Lychtenberger says, that although God has seen fit to reserve times and seasons in his own power, yet He has given men several, more particularly three, ways by which they may attain some knowledge of futurity. First, long experience, by which they may be enabled to form probable conjectures. Secondly, by the stars. Thirdly, revelation, either by inspiration, vision, or in other ways; and after speaking of the Sibyl, of the Old Testament prophets, and of St. John, he says that he will omit all others except Bridget, to whose revelations reference would be made in his work, and "with her," he adds, "is to be associated a certain Reynhardus Lolhardus, as will be seen further on in its proper places." (*Cui associetur quidam Reynhardus Lolhardus ut suis locis infra patebit.*) At the end of his preface he gives in a large letter the five names, PTOLOMEUS, ARISTOTELES, SIBILLA, BRI-

- GIDA, LULHARDUS DICAT. Under each name (that is, between it and the next,) is a motto, or something which I presume the person named is supposed to say, though the word "dicat" is added only to Lulhardus. His saying is—

*"Sis cautus multis esto familiaris sed quod
Silere vis alios primus sile."*

This is followed by an engraving of these five persons, which, as the reader has a facsimile before him, need not be more particularly described than by saying that, owing to the shape of the original wood-cut, it was not possible to get the whole of it on a small octavo page, and that the lines which, in this copy, appear to rise from the head of each person, are, in fact, the extremities of rays proceeding from a representation of the Almighty, which occupies the upper part of the original engraving.

Considering the estimation in which Ptolemy, Aristotle, the Sibyl, and Bridget, were held in those days, it would seem that a prophet selected to stand in their company must have been a person of some consideration and notoriety; but, as I have already said, he is named without any description or explanation, and I

see nothing that throws light on his period or personal history, except that he seems to have published a book of "Revelations." Now were these "Revelations," thus ascribed to Reynard Lolhard in 1488, and continually issuing in fresh editions, the "prophecies amongst the Lollards" of which we read in Fox?

What they were as to matter and language we can only conjecture from the scraps quoted in the work before us. For instance:—

"Unde in Revelationibus fratris Reynhardi lolhardi ita dicitur. Lupus. i. terra occidentalis aquilam ejiciet tunc pullus merebit et sui proprii pellem ejus dilacerabunt, sedebitque nudus querens adjutorium parum inveniens. Aquila a virgine fugata liliū excitabit volabit ad meridiem recuperando amissa, veniet miles in pectore signatus trucidabit leonem," &c.—*Sig. B. iv. b.*

It proceeds in the same style, and there is, perhaps, something in it to remind us of the "armes, fildes, beastes, fowles, badges, and such other like thinges," mentioned in our acts of parliament. Again:—

"Devotus Reynhardus in spiritu videns sub rege Maximiliano *tribulationes cleri et ecclesie*, prorupit in hæc verba in libro suo *multarum tribulationum* dicens 'Esce erunt omnes volantibus celi et bestiis terre,' " &c.—*Sig. B. v. b.*

"Reynhardus lolhardus in quodam visione ita videns *tribulationes cleri in ecclesiis sancti Petri*, prorupit in hæc verba," &c.—*Sig. C. iii.*

These may, perhaps, be thought to agree well enough with the glimpses which we have obtained from the examinations recorded by Strype and Fox; and to show at least that the subject matter of these predictions (for the prophecies themselves I really do not understand, and perhaps, from the specimen which I give, the reader will agree with me in thinking them not worth quoting,) is somewhat akin to that of "the prophecies among the Lollards¹."

I shall not, I hope, be understood as contending that the Lollards got their name from this man (real or fictitious) in the same way as the Arians got theirs from Arius, the Waldenses from Waldo, or the Wesleyans from Wesley. We may suppose as a matter of fact, that at some period before the year 1488 there was a man named Reynhart, and that he was a Lollard—and what was John Lychtenberger's idea of a Lollard? Just what Mosheim's researches would lead us to suppose. You will observe that Johannes Lychtenberger speaks of his prophet as a "friar," (*frater Reynhardus*.)

¹ I need hardly say that the book is principally made up of prognostications of war, famine, tumults, seditions, the oppression of the people, the humiliation and sufferings of the clergy, and the nobility, and such matters. Some specimens will be found in Note F.

and that the portrait gives him a friar's dress, and a most unprotestant string of beads. The same is to be noticed in the other picture, where we may suppose the Lolhard to be a general representative of his sect. It is not the work of a friendly hand; but the satirist does not hint at heresy, schism, or sedition; his idea is obviously that of a mendicant friar, beguiling silly women of their pence. John Lychtenberger did not dream of connecting this "*devotus frater Reynhardus*," with the "new sect" invented, as he says, by "the heresiarchs of Bohemia, Wicliffe, Jerome, Huss, and Rockenzana," prefigured by the great "*conjunctio in scorpione*¹."

Nevertheless, some man who really belonged to this confraternity of something like Mendicant Friars, might publish predictions; or somebody else who was not really more a Lollard than Piers was a plowman, or Swift a drapier, might choose to assume the character. Be this as it may, it seems clear that prophecies under the name of Lolhard, were in most extensive circulation in the fifteenth century—equally clear that those whom we call Lollards

¹ "*Novam sectam invenerunt heresiarche Bohemorum Wicleff Jhero. Husso et Rockenzana.*"—*Sig. F iii.*

had prophecies such as we may suppose these to have been,—and it does not seem to me improbable that the persons who bought up, and studied, and acted on the predictions of Reynhart Lollard should have been called by his name, without particular reference to the way in which he came by it; or that the agitation in Church and State to which those predictions were obviously calculated to give rise, should be described in our statutes as “Lollardy.”

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NOTES.

Note A, referring to p. 73.

COWPER'S NIGHTCAP.

I SUPPOSE that in the case of nine persons out of ten who look at pictures of Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots, the labour of the "face-painter," strictly so called, is very much thrown away. If the faces were cut out of the picture, and shown by themselves, or garnished in some other fashion, few would know them ; while nobody would doubt for a moment whose features were to be supplied to the vacant bonnet and ruff. I do not mean to say that there are no pictures of these royal personages in other costumes, but I speak of the common representations, and the popular view, of them ; just as in the Essay to which this Note belongs I have spoken of the Saints, not as they exist in some peculiar and less known representations, but in popular opinion. I confess that I should like to see those royal ladies more variously represented ; but I suppose that at their age, and after so long habit, we could not rob their majesties of their externals without something too like making a jest of them.

Let us, therefore, leave the sovereign ladies as we found them, and be thankful that they usually come before us in a costume so picturesque and individualizing ; but with regard

to Cowper's nightcap, can nothing be done to emancipate him from that unsightly head-gear ! It seems to have absorbed his individuality, and to be sending down to posterity one who in heart, mind, and action, was among the most manly of his race, in the guise of a sentimental, trapesing, man-milliner. Every body knows his nightcap ; and, I was going to say, that if it had not been for me, nobody by this time would have had an idea that this gentleman of the Inner Temple wore a wig, and conducted himself like other gentlemen of his family and station ; and was as far as most men from sickly sentimentalism in dress or manner ;—but I forbear for two reasons, first because some readers might think me vainglorious, and disposed to play “the great Twamley ;” and secondly, because I recollect that Cowper mentions his wig in at least one of his poems ; to say nothing of what he may have done professionally in his early years. But whatever the young lawyer might wear, I really believe that the public are in some degree indebted to me for the means of judging what sort of wig the poet wore, and what sort of person Cowper really was. Perhaps this is only a vainglorious imagination ; but if so, it is a pleasing error, which I can hardly wish to have eradicated.

The facts are, I believe, that in the summer of the year 1792, Cowper's portrait was painted by an artist whom Dr. Johnson, the excellent and beloved “kinsman” of the poet, had brought from London for that purpose. In a letter to Hayley, dated July 15, Cowper says—

“ Abbot is painting me so true,
That (trust me) you would stare,
And hardly know, at the first view,
If I were here or there ¹. ”

¹ Life and Works by Southey, Vol. VII. p. 134.

He adds, "I have sat twice ; and the few who have seen his copy of me, are much struck with the resemblance." On the 21st of the same month, he writes to Lady Hesketh, "My portrait is nearly finished, an excellent one in my mind, and in the opinion of all who see it, both for drawing and likeness¹." Again, on the 25th, to Mr. Bull he writes, that the painter "has succeeded to admiration. The likeness is so strong, that when my friends enter the room where my picture is, they start, astonished to see me where they know I am not²." Of course Cowper was too wise a man to have quoted this as a proof that the picture was an accurate likeness ; and it seems worth while to explain it by saying, that he probably had in his mind the fact, that a lady (the wife of a gentleman whom I knew very intimately) had been shown into a room where the newly-painted, unframed picture, representing the poet in a sitting posture, was placed upright on a chair, and had made her courtesy before she found out her mistake. At the same time, though such a circumstance might not be any proof, it is quite certain that the picture was a good likeness ; and such, indeed, independently of all testimony, I think all who have seen it must believe it to be.

A week after the letter to Mr. Bull was written, Cowper set out on a visit to Mr. Hayley at Eartham ; and from thence, on the 14th of August, he wrote to Mr. Rose, "Romney is here³;" and on the 26th of the same month to Lady Hesketh, "Romney has drawn me in crayons, and in the opinion of all here with his best hand, and with the most exact resemblance possible⁴."

Thus the two pictures came into existence just about the same time ; but certainly as unlike twins as two pictures,

¹ Ibid. p. 135.

² Ibid. p. 137.

³ Ibid. p. 143.

⁴ Ibid. p. 148.

both by able artists, and professedly representing the same person at the same age, could be. The reader is, of course, familiar with the engravings of Romney's nightcap sketch; if not, he may find one prefixed to the first volume of Southey's edition of the *Life and Works of Cowper*. Abbot's picture (a gentleman in a wig, with a pen in one hand, while the other rests on his interleaved Homer, lying open on a writing-desk) he will easily dissect out of the groupe which is placed as a frontispiece to the seventh volume of the same work.

How soon, or by whom, Romney's sketch was engraved, I do not know; but long afterwards, indeed, when the two pictures were nearly thirty years old, and Dr. Johnson had informed me of his intention to publish some newly-discovered letters, I strongly urged him to have Abbot's picture engraved. His reluctance seemed to arise chiefly from an impression that though Abbot had most faithfully given the *man*, Romney had done most justice to the *poet*—that Romney was himself a man of genius, who recognized and knew how to seize on the happy moment of excitement, when genius beamed in the eye and ennobled the features of another—while Abbot, “a sober, quiet man¹,” had only drawn, though with exquisite precision, a man and a scene as “sober and quiet” as himself—had, in fact, just given us Mr. Cowper, and his book, and his desk, and his table, all portraits, just as he sat and looked every day at his task of translating Homer—except that, perhaps, he did not every day wear the green coat and buff waistcoat, &c., which formed an archery uniform, put on originally (and I presume on this occasion too) in compliment to the Throckmorton family.

I urged in reply that, supposing all this, it was not sufficient for strangers, and for posterity, to have no other likeness of

¹ Cowper to Hayley, Vol. VII. p. 134.

such a man than a slight sketch of him as he looked in some moment of sudden inspiration—that those who valued his works, and respected his character, would be gratified, and might naturally and justly desire, to see the poet portrayed in a way more descriptive of his usual appearance, and more like the appearance of other people—and that as the picture was there, and the occasion offered, it was a pity not to use it. Probably I said more; but one thing I did not insist on as strongly as I should have done to any one wholly unconnected with the poet. I said little, if any thing, of the strong impression which I felt that the man of genius (if Romney was one, a point on which I have no opinion whatever) had not fully comprehended and entered into the character of his subject; and that his dashing crayon had not noted the history written in the very remarkable countenance before him, and faithfully recorded by the unpretending, truthful, probably unconscious, pencil of the “sober, quiet” artist. I do not speak with reference to the great malady with which Cowper was at times, perhaps more or less at all times, afflicted; but of the various traits which those who have studied his works, and character, would expect to find expressed in his countenance and transferred to his portrait. This, however, is a question which I should like to see discussed by those who are better judges of art than myself.

I do not pretend to say that the poet’s kinsman was convinced by my arguments; but perhaps I led him to think of the matter and consult others. In fact, however, when the “*Private Correspondence*” came out in two volumes octavo, the frontispiece of the first volume was for some reason or other an engraving of Abbot’s picture. Far as it was, in my idea, from doing justice to the original, I was rejoiced to see it; and I began to hope that in the contest of Wig v. Nightcap

the plaintiff's case was not so entirely hopeless as I had feared. But the nightcap was in possession, and not easily to be ejected ; and when Southey came down upon us with an unlooked-for mass of evidence, we of the wig party felt that we were altogether put out of court. I did not know what delusion I might have been under. In my simplicity I had always supposed that the cap was only such an one as wig-wearers are wont to use, and that it was a whim of the artist to sketch his subject in that occasional, uncompany costume ; but when I saw Southey's graphic witnesses I began to consider what evidence there was that Cowper was not born in a cap, or that he had ever worn a hat ! For though this latter point, as I shall have occasion to observe, is admitted by the other side, I should scorn to take advantage of their conceding what they would probably find it hard to prove. We know that the poet was "velvet capped" at the earliest period of which we know anything—when he was drawn to school in his "bauble coach ;" and I will at once admit that a person who wore a nightcap at such times and places as Southey's pictures vouch for, may be fairly presumed to have worn it, and nothing else, from time to time and at all times. In this nightcap we find him taking the air in the chesnut avenue, which Benevolus had spared him¹ ;—the white cap, too, is the bright spot in the "View of Olney from the Alcove, in Weston Park² ;"—ten years before Romney made his sketch, we find the nightcap at a pic-nic party in the Spinnery ; taking, that is, a seven hours' ramble in the woods³ ;—and at Eartham, while Hayley's visitor, the poet is escorting two ladies in the grounds, wearing the same inevitable cap, and further adorned with a sloppy dressing-gown which he is

¹ Frontispiece to Vol. III.

² Vignette of Vol. VI.

³ Frontispiece of Vol. IV. See p. 115.

obliged to hold up that it may not draggle¹. But the gem of the nightcap gallery is the Vignette of Vol. VIII., entitled, "Olney from the Poplar field." The poet, though professing to know, as "our fathers knew, the value of a screen from sultry suns,"—though "the poplars are felled," and he laments "the tree is my seat that once lent me a shade," yet he will have no other shade, but sits on the tree in his nightcap, though there is a sort of "portable solitude" in the shape of a broad-brimmed hat within his reach. Yet he was sufficiently aware of the usages of society to say, "we bear our shades about us, self-deprived of other screen;" a fact which a man who had only once travelled from Olney to Eartham, could scarcely fail to have learned, though for reasons of his own he might incessantly wear a shadeless cap. However, in this picture the artist seems to have felt some sort of compunction, and having placed the poet on the poplar in his nightcap, with his legs outstretched, and his chin resting on his cane, perhaps he bethought him that a gentleman of Cowper's age thus sitting on a poplar all alone, in an open field, might on some ground or other, of hail, rain, or shine, use a hat if it came in his way. Accordingly, he has placed on the ground by his side, a conspicuous hat as large as a dripping-pan; and with thoughtful delicacy he has set it crown uppermost, to meet the notion which must inevitably arise in the mind of the spectator, that the head-swathed, staff-supported, wretch before him is a diseased, wayside beggar.

I suspect, moreover, that this nightcap has been the parent of the trailing dressing-gown already mentioned. It has perhaps puzzled artists who have had to supply dress and decoration for a full-length figure. Of course something in the large wrapper way was safest and least trouble. Accordingly,

¹ Frontispiece of Vol. X.

at the pic-nic, the bard is buttoned up in a great coat, though it was just about the middle of the dog-days. In his chesnut-avenue ramble he is girt up in some sort of wrapper which makes him look much more like a bundle of rags tied round the middle, than a gentleman of the Inner Temple.

After considering all this, however, it occurred to me that some of these things might perhaps be only fancies of the artist; that for some reason inscrutable to me, he had felt that he must "deviate from vulgar and strict historical truth in pursuing the grandeur of his design¹;" and this recollection of Sir Joshua Reynolds brought to my mind an anecdote which Northcote relates respecting him and Dr. Johnson. If I had recollected it at the proper time I should have put it into the Essay to which this Note refers. It shows in a curious manner how men may make a little exception, and be a shade better or worse than their principles, when it happens that the case is their own. "In 1775," says Northcote, "Sir Joshua painted that portrait of his friend Johnson, which represents him as reading and near-sighted. This was very displeasing to the Doctor, who, when he saw it, reproved Sir Joshua for painting him in that manner and attitude, saying, 'It is not friendly to hand down to posterity the imperfections of any man.' But on the contrary, Sir Joshua esteemed it [like the lameness of Agesilaus] as a circumstance in nature to be remarked, as characterising the person represented, and therefore as giving additional value to the portrait²."

¹ See before, p. 75.

² Johnsoniana, Part XXI., No. 484, appended to Croker's edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson.

Note B, referring to p. 119.

ON VAUXHALL.

The number of the "Gentleman's Magazine" to which I have referred (August 1765, Vol. XXXV. p. 253), contains a minute and elaborate "Description of Vauxhall Gardens," with a "plate annexed, giving a perspective view of the grand walk in Vauxhall Gardens, and the orchestra;" and it seems worth our while to give a momentary glance at the taste of its decorations. The "goddess" playing the violoncello was, as I have said, apparently not a statue, but only a bas-relief or picture. Such certainly was Britannia, sitting with "Neptune in his chariot," and holding a medallion of the King; and again, as she appeared distributing laurels to the heroes of the period. "Venus and the Loves," too, were only pictures; but what the "four deities in niches" were, seems uncertain. One way or another, however, it appears from this description, the spectator was regaled with representations of Semele and Jupiter, Apollo Pan and the Muses, Neptune and the Sea Nymphs, sportive boys, Vulcan Mars and Venus, and (over and above all these more purely classical decorations, but how personified I do not learn—I hope in the great style) "Friendship on the grass drinking."

I do not pretend to know the history of this place of amusement, but I see by the authority to which I am already indebted, that after an interval of more than twenty years, that is, in the month of May, 1786¹, a sort of jubilee was held there. In the account of that festival, many improvements and embellishments are enumerated, some of which are worth notice. We are told that "the naked boys, who were out of

¹ Gent. Mag. Vol. LVI., p. 438.

number climbing up the pillars, are taken down" . . . "the statue of Apollo is removed to the end of one of the dark walks" [very like a notice to quit]. "Handel's statue is removed to the back of the orchestra, within a railing, illuminated with party-coloured lamps"—what an emblem of that great man's fate!

But as it regards our purpose—imagine all this wanton rubbish grouped round the "Turkish tent, the dome of which is finely carved, and supported by eight columns of the Ionic order; the outward case stands on twelve columns of the Doric. Between these, both within and without, hang very rich festoons of flowers. The outside of the dome is variously embellished and surmounted by a plume of feathers."—Imagine this, I say, as the place of diversion for the common people, and not the common people only¹, and compare the scene with the beautiful, and (as far as they can be made so), truthful exhibitions of the Surrey Zoological Gardens—Vesuvius, Hecla, Rome, Gibraltar, and the frightfully real Fire of London.

After this note was written, I had occasion to turn to the Spectator for an advertisement, which I have quoted at p. 118. Turning over the leaves, I met with two other adver-

¹ See the Article "Vauxhall," in Mr. Cunningham's most excellent and interesting Hand-book of London, and especially Horace Walpole's account of his going there in the year 1751; and the extract from England's Gazetteer of the same date. "Here are among others two curious statues of Apollo the god, and Mr. Handel the master of musick; and in the centre of the area, where the walks terminate, is erected the temple for the musicians, which is encompassed all round with handsome seats, decorated with *pleasant paintings*, on subjects *most happily adapted to the season, place, and company*."

tisements, which are worth notice, as to the material of public diversion, though they carry us back a few years earlier ; that is, to May 17th and June 5th, 1711. They require no comment, if the reader will only suppose himself reading them in to-day's *Times*. The first is :—

“Mr. Penkethman's Wonderful Invention, called the Pantheon : or the Temple of the Heathen-gods. The Work of several years, and great Expenditure, is now perfected ; being a most surprising and Magnificent Machine, consisting of 5 several curious pictures ; the Painting and Contrivance whereof is beyond Expression admirable. The Figures, which are above 100, and move their Heads, Legs, Arms, so exactly to what they perform, and setting one Foot before another like living Creatures, that it justly deserves to be esteem'd the greatest Wonder of the Age. To be seen from 10 in the morning till 10 at night, in the Little Piazza's, Covent Garden, in the same house where Punch's Opera is. Price, 1s. 6d. ; 1s. ; and the lowest, 6d.”

The other advertisement informs the readers of the *Spectator*, No. LXXXIII., that—

“The famous Water-Theatre of the late ingenious Mr. Winstanly is open'd, and will continue to be shewn for some time this Summer : There is the greatest Curiosities in Water-works, the like was never performed before by any. It is shewn for the Benefit of his Widow every evening between 5 and 6 a clock. With several new additions, as three New Stages, Sea Gods, and Goddesses, Nymphs, Mermaids and Satires [some unintentional ones, perhaps] all of them playing of Water. It is at the lower End of Pickadilly, and is known by the Windmill on the top of it.”

Note C¹.

THE SCHOOL OF DECLAMATION.

It seems as if it would be scarcely possible for moderns to understand and enjoy the Drama of Declamation. I do not refer to the ancient drama of masks and unities, but look even at the days of Quin and his contemporaries. Take, as a specimen, an anecdote of him which may, I suppose, be dated not much more than a century ago. The first time that he performed (or as he modestly announced his intention, "attempted") the part of Cato, "when he *pronounced*, 'Thanks to the Gods! my son has done his duty' upon the bringing in Cato's dead son, the whole house was so struck that they cried out with repeated acclamations"—and what did they cry out! Were their feelings overcome by tenderness for the parent, or admiration of the patriot, or were these elements so mingled that their acclamations were but bursts of inarticulate passion? No such thing. The acclamations were, "Booth outdone! Booth outdone! they also upon his *pronouncing* the soliloquy cried encore without ceasing till he repeated it²." "Speak the speech, I pray you," says Hamlet, "as I *pronounc'd* it to you." The actor was to pronounce his part; when he had no part to *pronounce* he was nobody—that is, he was like a performer in a concert, who has so many bars rest, during which he may take snuff or chat with his neighbour, or do what he will, if he only takes care to come in to his time. It would almost seem as if such an idea as

¹ Referring to p. 121, where the reference which should have been placed after "*drest*," in the seventh line from the bottom, was inadvertently omitted.

² Gent. Mag. Mar. 1766, vol. xxxvi. p. 133.

bye-play was scarcely formed before the time of Garrick. In a fulsome panegyric on him, which was published soon after he came to London¹, the writer thinks it worth while to remark that, "When three or four are on the stage with him, he is attentive to whatever is spoke, and never drops his character when he has finished a speech, by either looking contemptibly on an inferior performer, unnecessary spitting, or suffering his eyes to wander thro' the whole circle of spectators."

But when we speak of the school of declamation, we must not confine it to dramatic performance. Is not the taste of men, and therefore their practice, altered as to oratory and speech-making of all sorts—not to be tedious, let me ask the reader to think for himself of the senate, the bar, the pulpit—even down to school recitations, and the thousands of little Norvals who have grown up and given to society (in this point at least) a less vicious progeny.

I cannot resist the inclination which I feel to add the following extract from a paragraph which has appeared in a newspaper while this note was in the printer's hands. It is singularly illustrative of one (perhaps more than one) point which I have touched on in the Essay to which this note belongs :—

"Princess's Theatre.—The tragedy of *King John*, which was played by Mr. Kean's company at Windsor last Friday, was last night given at the Princess's Theatre with a magnificent completeness of representation which was worthy of the management, and better still, worthy of the noble chronicle play itself. . . . It was less in the mere scenery, although

¹ In a periodical work called the *Champion*, No. 455, reprinted in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for October, 1742, xii. 527.

that was excellent, that Mr. Kean's getting up was splendid, than in the extreme and almost fastidious attention paid to costume, devices, warlike weapons, and, afterwards to the grouping and marshalling the masses of performers on the stage. We reprint the list of authorities from which the dresses and devices were studied, and we wish that every manager in England had been present to profit by the lesson of the results.

"The dresses, weapons, banners, and decorations, are selected from the following authorities :—Meyrick's 'Ancient Armour,' C. H. Smith's 'Ancient Costume of Great Britain,' Planché's 'Costume of King John,' Strutt's 'Dresses and Habits of the People of England,' Fairholt's 'Costume in England,' Fosbroke's 'Encyclopædia of Antiquities,' Dugdale's 'Monasticon Anglicanum,' Shaw's 'Dresses and Decorations,' Stothard's 'Monumental Effigies,' Pugin's 'Glossary of Ecclesiastical Ornament and Costume,' the Herald-office, Lecomte's 'Costumes Civiles et Militaires de la Monarchie Française,' Montfaucon's 'Monarchie Française,' Herbe's 'Costumes Français,' Willemin's 'Monumens Français.'

"The effect was not only magnificent, but there was a *distinct pleasure* in the *genuineness* of the thing. The England and the France of the time of Magna Charta passed before us. We were assured that to a stitch in a doublet, and a link in a mailed sleeve, what we saw was a *representation* of the ancient *fact*. . . . And let it be noted, that so far as the thing was possible no *make-believe* armour or weapons were used."—*Evening Journal*, Feb. 11, 1852.

Note D, referring to p. 207.

POLITICAL PROPHECIES.

In the seventh volume of the Proceedings and Ordinances of the Privy Council, edited by Sir H. Nicolas, under the

direction of the Record Commission, in the 33 Hen. VIII. we read—

“At London, 20 Decr. 1541, Sir Robart Welle, curate off Colchurche, accusid by two severall witnesses for the wreaching of the viiith chapter off Daniell to his owne imaginatiōn, and expowndīg the same as writteñ off the Kings parsoñ lewdelye and traytourslye, therein depraviḡ his Mates godlie procedīgs dewlye and evidētly cōvinced thereoff, was cōmitted to the Tower.” p. 285.

Again, Privy Council at Westm. 16 Jan., 33 Hen. VIII., 1542, we find Fowke Pigott, of London, entering into a bond to the king to the amount of £20, and “the condiciō of this recognisance is this, that if the abovebownden Fowke Pigott do deliver into the hands off the Clarke off the Cownsell all sicke books or skrowls that he hath in his keping concerning any kinde of prophesye, and by word or dede nevar hereafter meddle wyth syche fancies, and att all tymes during the space off oōñ yere upōñ all reasonable warnīgs be redy frōm tyme to tyme t’attende upon the Cownsell, &c., thañ this recognisance to stande voyde, orells to stande in full strength and valeir.”

That these were not special, or peculiar cases, but that the subject was considered both at this time, and long afterwards, as one requiring the interference of the legislature, will be seen by the following extracts from statutes passed in the reigns of Henry, Edward, and Elizabeth.

The 33 Hen. VIII. c. xiv. (1541-2) is intituled, “Touching Prophecies uppon Declaration of Names, Armes, Badges,” &c., and begins—

“Where dyvers and sondry persons, making theyre foundation by prophecies, have taken uppon theyme knowledge as it were what shall become of theyme whiche beare in theyre armes cognysaunce or badge felde, beastes, fowles, or any

other thing or thinges whiche hathe ben used or accustomed to be put in any of the same, or in and uppon the letters of theyre names, have dyvised, descanted, and practised, to make folke thinke that by theyre untrew gessys it might be knowne what good or evyll thinges shulde coome, happen, or be doone, by or to such persones as have and had suche armes, badges, or cognisaunces, or had such letters in theyre names, to the greate perill and destruccion of suche noble personages of whome suche false prophesies hathe or shulde hereafter be set fourthe, wherby in tymes paste many noble men have suffered, and (if theyre prince wolde gyve any eare thereto) might happe to doo hereafter. For remedye wherof be it enacted," &c.

This was followed by the 3 & 4 Ed. VI. c. xv. (1549-50) intituled, "An Acte against Fonde and Fantastickall Prophe-sies," beginning—

"Where nowe of late, sythens the prorogacion of the last Cession, of this present Parliament, divers evill disposed parsons, mynding to stirr and move sedicion disobedience and rebellion, have of their perverse myndes feyned, ymagined, invented, published, and practysed dyvers fantastickall and fonde propheyes, concerning the Kinges Majestie, dyvers honorable parsons, gentlemen, and commons of this realme, to the greate disturbaunce and perill of the Kinges Majestie, and this his realme: For remedy therof be y^t ordeyned and enacted by the King, our Sovereign Lorde, with thassent of the lordes spirituall and temporall, and of the Commons in this present Parliament assembled, and by auctoritie of the same, That if any parson or parsones after the first daye of February next comeng, doe sett forth in writing, printing, ainging, speaking, and publish or otherwise declare to any parson or parsons, any phantastickall or false prophesye, apon occacion of any armes, fildes, beastes, fowles, badges, and such other lyke thinges accustomed in armes, conysances, or

sygnetes, or by reason of any tyme, yere, or daye, name bludshed or warr, to the intent thereby to make any rebellion, insurreccion, discencion, losse of lyfe, or other disturbaunce within this realme, or other the Kinges domynions, That then every such parson therof being lawfully indicted and convicted," &c.

This was re-enacted in almost the same words, under the same title, in the 5 Eliz. c. xv. (1562-3) with the following preamble :—

"Forasmuche as sithens the expiration and ending of the statute made in the time of King Edwarde the Syxthe, entituled, An Acte against Fonde and Fantasticall Propheesies, divers evill disposed persons, enclyned to the stirring and moving of factions, seditions, and rebellions within this realme, have byn the more bolde tattempte the lyke practise, in fayning, imagining, inventing, and publishing of suche fonde and fantasticall propheesies, as well concerning the Quenes Majestie as divers honourable parsonagies, gentlemen, and others of this realme, as was used and practised before the making of the sayd statute, to the grete disquiet, trooble, and perill of the Quenes Majestie, and of this her realme : For remedie wherof, Bee y^t ordeyned and enacted," &c.

Note E, referring to p. 220.

THE "MIRABILIS LIBER," AND "PETRUS DE BARDIS."

There is something curious about this volume, which it is not entirely foreign to our purpose to notice. The owner of it wrote himself "Petrus de Bardis." Whether this name was real or assumed I do not know. It does not occur in the volume now under notice, but in some manuscript, evidently

by the same hand, on the title-page of the Commentary on the Psalms, which Bucer published in 1529, under the name of Aretius Felinus; where also Peter has noted, "1531, viii. die Decembris Londini in festo conceptionis btæ Mariæ luna abscondita." The full title of this book of prophecies is—

"Mirabilis Liber qui prophetias, revelationes, necnon res mirandas, preteritas, presentes, et futuras, aperte demonstrat ¶ Paul ad Thessalo. v. ¶ Prophetias nolite spernere: omnia autem probate. quod bonum est tenete ¶ Luce xxi. ¶ Cum audieritis prelia et seditiones: nolite terreri: oportet primum hec fieri: sed nondum finis ¶ Matthe. xxiii."

The owner of the book seems to have taken most interest in the predictions of Savonarola which begin on the reverse of fol. lxii., for that leaf and the preceding having escaped the binder, have never to this day been cut open. On this folio, under the beginning of Savonarola's "Revelatio de tribulationibus nostrorum temporum de reformatione universe dei ecclesie: auctore deo et de conversione turcorum ad fidem nostram cito et velociter ostensa Florentie Hieronymo de Ferrara, hoc tempore viventi, Servo jesu christi minimo," Peter has written, "Vir literis et probitate clarus et hic si obiit regnat." Along the bottom margin of the two next leaves, "Scio hunc sanctum fuisse prophetam et gloria eterna frui. Iota unum vel apex unus non preteribit donec fiant omnia quæ prædixit." But the most singular note is one which begins on fol. lxx., and is continued on several of the following, for the book is small, and the handwriting large. "Grati estote inquit Paulus. Inique egi qui sanctum hunc virum merita laude fraudavi nam cum sciam xiiii. annos abhinc hunc, cum illis duobus ejus confratribus una crematis, esse cum christo, tacui; sed incredulitas aliorum, et imprudentia mea, fuere in causa. In carcere eram et una cum alio celite nomine A. visitarunt me Londini mense Novembris

1517. Videns et vigilans intempesta nocte in tenebris, quid aliud viderim nolo loqui, possem at non decet. Non dicam cum paulo sive in corpore sive extra corpus xiiii. annos abhinc, sed cernuis cordis poplitibus cum Davide canam probasti cor meum et visitasti nocte et cet. Mirabilis Dominus in sanctis suis quorum se quidem cito ulciscetur." There are other notes not worth copying ; but a little further on, where the King of France is addressed as " Christianissime Rex," Peter has written, " Reprobatus est quoad hoc opus ; eligitur non ab homine sed a Deo æterno maximus minister justitiæ Dei et confirmatur Defensor fidei et Christiani nominis, quem exaudiet Deus in die tribulationis, proteget eum nomen Dei Jacob. i. Christus nasareus crucifixus filius Dei." I quote this note on account of another which is written at the foot of the title-page, and is as follows : " Hic liber est serenissimi [I believe, but it is much contracted and partly effaced] Regis Henrici viii. fidei defensoris et in orbe Christiano Regum omnium excellentissimi." Did he mean that the work was compiled by, or by the direction of, the King ; or only that this copy belonged to his Majesty ? and who was he ?

Note F, referring to p. 228.

EXTRACTS FROM LOLLARD PROPHECIES.

" De post anno 1491, 1492, 1493 . . . in Alemania superiori et in Francia, Anglia, Gallia, timore mortis, ambulabunt gentes annis istis de locis ad loca et magnates pacientur altricationes magnas in terra meridionali . . . cives in urbibus tremebunt tremore magno. Mors magnatum superveniet et tristabuntur Magnates. Nova mala a laicis leoni subjectis esurgent . . . et illa mala iterum revenient Anno 1521, 1523, quia sol bis eclipsabitur et luna ter istis annis."

"Anno 1493, 1495 . . . in occidente plurima mala multa cum sanguinis effusione. Videbantur *multa mala inter spiritualia*.

"De post anno 1496, 1497 . . . surgent armati ad pugnandum : omnis malitia armatorum excogitabitur . . . in occidentali parte fertilitas magna et equi cari erunt propter lites in eadem terra, et *spirituales quasi castigati* ambulant hinc inde, *status laicorum exultabit*.

"Anno 1498, 1499, 1500 . . . inter cognatos esurgent bella magna ; et inaudita, *tam in clero quam in populo*, altricatio magna . . . agricole vexabuntur a martialibus ac suis superioribus.

"Anno 1501, 1502 . . . *inobedientia magna Romane ecclesie videbitur in vulgo* . . . multi cives depauperabuntur. Gubernatores et magnates detruncabuntur capitibus propter dissuetudines . . . de post annis tribus . . . multi suspendentur fures in patibulis, multique detruncabuntur capitibus. *Divites descendunt, pauperes ascendent*.

"De post . . . inter rusticos et ignobiles una confederatio contra nobiles et potentes, novalia denunciante populo que antea non sunt audita ; et multi potentes cadent de sublime.

"De post . . . Anglici, Britannici, cum maritimis occidentalibus pacientur in regnis eorum multa discrimina ast [q. et] vexationes plurimus."

This specimen might be increased by tedious repetitions ; but it is sufficient to show the nature of the work. It was, indeed, "spargere voces in vulgum ambiguas." Some may be surprised that Luther should have lent the sanction of a preface to such a book. The subject is not one to be entered upon in a mere note such as this is ; yet too important, and too closely connected with our subject to be passed over without any notice. The first sentence, perhaps, throws some light on this ; and at least confirms what I have said of the

circulation, influence, and application of the book. "Weil diess Buch Johannis Lichtenbergers mit seinen Weissagungen nicht allein ist weit auskommen, beyde in lateinischer und deutscher Sprache, sondern auch bey vielen gross gehalten, bey etlichen auch verachtet ist, sonderlich aber die Geistlichen sich jetzt des hoch trösten und freuen, nach dem *aus diesem Buch eine fast gemeine Rede ist entstanden gewesen, es würde einmal über die Pfaffen gehen, und darnach wieder gut werden*, [almost Father Hacker's words,] und meinen es sey nu geschehen, sie seyn hindurch, dass ihre Verfolgung durch der Bauren Aufruhr und des Luther's Lehre sey von diesem Leichtenberger gemeinet, um des alles willen bin ich bewogen, mit dieser Vorrede denselbigen Liechtenberger noch eins auszulassen, mein Urtheil druber zu geben, zu Unterricht aller, die das begehren, ausgenommen die Geistlichen, welchen sey verboten, sammt ihrem Anhang, dass sie mir ja nichts gläuben, denn die mir gläuben sollen, werden sich doch ohne sie wohl finden."—*Op. Ed. Alt.* tom. iii. p. 777.

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THE END.

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